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THE FESTIVALS AT FLORENCE.—HISTORICAL PROCESSION: THE CONTE VERDE MEETING THE GONFALONIERE IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY SIGNORE FARBI.

ALL YE THAT PASS BY.

A RACING STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" The pathetic question might be written over the gates of every London hospital, and at the entrance of many a court and alley into which we glance with a shudder of disgust as we hurry towards the great thoroughfares that lie so near to them. For the malady of which this poor old world is sickening is nothing more recondite than selfishness; and though most people have discovered that much, few have the presumption to think that they can cure the disease. So we sigh and pass by, and being, as a general thing, good-natured folk who dislike to contemplate suffering, endeavour—not without a fair measure of success—to close our eyes to the human tragedy that is being enacted around us day by day and year by year. It has been so in all ages: perhaps it may not be so for ever.

Captain Craven, late of the 10th Dragoon Guards and (since his father's death) of Houghton Lodge, Maplehurst, Surrey, had never been accustomed to look upon himself as a particularly selfish person, nor had he ever been so regarded by others. Indeed, if such a charge had been brought against him in the presence of any of his numerous friends, it is probable that his character would have been promptly, and even indignantly, vindicated. Tom Craven, it was universally agreed, was the best fellow that ever stepped. By all accounts, there are a good many best fellows that ever stepped, and certainly no one can desire that their number should be diminished. Tom's title to this superlative designation rested, it may be assumed, rather upon his constant and imperturbable good humour than upon the record of his good deeds; and yet a respectable quantity of these might have been placed to his credit by anyone who had been at the pains of seeking them out and counting them up. Many lame dogs had he helped over stiles, and more than one indigent neighbour or backward tenant could have given instances of his open-handedness and forbearance. He could afford himself the luxury of cancelling debts and giving away money. A bachelor, with a snug little estate and a comfortable income, which was only in part derived from land, he was one of those rare and happy people who can get all the pleasure that they want out of life while living well within their means, and if at the end of the year his banker's book showed a handsome surplus (as it commonly did) Tom did not care to let that surplus remain where it was for the benefit of the bank. A man who is something under thirty years of age, who has good looks, plenty of money, the digestion of an ostrich, and who does not know the meaning of the word satiety, ought, doubtless, to be very much ashamed of himself if he have not a kind heart, and a charitable disposition into the bargain; but inasmuch as these amiable attributes do not invariably result from the above-mentioned conditions, Tom may perhaps be allowed to pass as a good fellow.

Tom was as good a shot as there was in the county; unlike certain less popular neighbours of his, he did not find it an impossible thing that his coverts should hold foxes as well as pheasants; his pleasant, cheery face was to be seen at every meet of the hounds, far or near; and as for Maplehurst Races, he would no more have thought of missing them than of omitting to go to church on Sunday morning weekly throughout the year.

At Maplehurst, as everybody knows, or ought to know, there are two annual meetings—namely, in the last week in March, when the Hunt Cup is contended for over a course not quite so severe, perhaps, as that of the Liverpool Grand National, yet stiff enough to dispose of many a good horse and rider; and again in August, when the Great Maplehurst Stakes and other flat races of much local interest and importance are run. It was at the former of these noted gatherings that Captain Craven was present one bitter spring day when the wind was in the east and the sky was of a dull leaden colour, and everybody, except himself, was abusing the weather. He was not going to ride in the steeplechase that year; but he had, as usual, entered an animal, which he had backed, and which he knew could not possibly win with the ground as hard as iron. That, in spite of this circumstance, he should have maintained a contented demeanour, which did not desert him even when he saw his horse pulled up, dead lame, a quarter of a mile from home, was no matter for surprise to those who knew him; though, as was but right, it moved them to admiration.

"What an extraordinary chap you are, Tom!" exclaimed his friend Huntington, who happened to be beside him on the Grand Stand (Maplehurst only boasts of one stand, and it cannot be called a very grand one) when the numbers went up. "I believe, if you were going to be hanged, you'd keep on smiling at the sheriff like an old figure-head until they pulled the night-cap over your face."

"I don't suppose he'd let me off if I put out my tongue at him, would he?" remarked Captain Craven, shutting up his glasses. "Hullo! what's the row over there?" And he pointed to a group on the other side of the course, from which an angry roar of voices was rising and which was rapidly swelling into a crowd, as the manner of such groups is.

"Welsher, I expect," replied the other, laconically.

Tom plunged over the rickety benches, and was presently scudding across the turf as fast as his legs could carry him. He hated vermin. Perhaps nobody can feel any great pity for a welsher or object to see such rough justice done upon him as his misdeeds may seem to merit; yet the spectacle of one poor mortal being hunted by a hundred should not have caused a man of Captain Craven's humanity to grin so delightedly. Being, like "Major M'Pherson, that wonderful person, Six foot two, without his shoe," our hero had no difficulty in forcing his way through the throng, and so obtaining a full view of the fun that was going forward. The luckless victim of popular fury was having a bad time of it. Bare-headed, pale, and with lips tightly set, he was borne hither and thither as the surging mob pressed upon him and would, no doubt, have fallen and been trampled upon, had he not been upheld by two stalwart members of the county constabulary. These guardians of the public peace had intervened, as in duty bound, to prevent murder from being done; but it did not strike Tom that they were particularly anxious to fight their way clear. It is almost too much to expect of policemen that they should court cuts and bruises for the sake of an ignoble welsher. However, they had managed to make themselves very hot and were calling out "Keep back, can't yer! Let the man alone, will yer!" with a laudable show of indignation.

But the crowd had got their prey and had no notion of letting him alone just yet. Those who were nearest to him kept on diligently prodding him in the back with sticks and umbrellas; all around him rose a sea of dirty fists, ready to prevent escape, and the whole mass swept slowly on, swaying now to the right, now to the left, but always maintaining a forward motion. Tom Craven knew very well what that portended. Some two hundred yards further on there was a broad, shallow pool, admirably adapted for the immersion of knaves who might not be able to swim; and that this especial knave would make acquaintance with its muddy depths before he was five minutes older seemed about as certain as any future event can be.

"They mean ducking him, eh?" panted out Huntington, who had contrived to struggle after his more muscular friend and had now got a firm grip of the latter's arm.

"Not a doubt of it," answered Tom. "But I say, Huntington, you oughtn't to be looking on at this—and you a magistrate too! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Magistrate be hanged!" returned the other; "I couldn't save the fellow if he was my own brother. And I wouldn't either!" he added under his breath.

Probably it would have taken a good many magistrates, with a good many constables at their backs, to rescue the culprit from his doom by this time. His enemies closed in upon him as he was driven to the verge of the pool; the policemen, still protesting loudly for form's sake, were forced to relinquish their hold; and then came a splash and a roar of delight from the assembled avengers of crime. The man, who had been pitched in head first, rose gasping to the surface, some mud and stones were thrown at him, and Tom saw the blood trickling down from a cut on his forehead. He made for the opposite bank, but was driven back, and so stood up to his middle in water, dripping and trembling—a sorry spectacle. Perhaps, after all, it was no bad thing for him that there had been a pond handy; for his pursuers, who had been savage enough a few minutes before, had fallen to laughing and jeering now, and might have been disposed to let him crawl off, even if the sound of the bell had not summoned them back to another form of sport. Craven and Huntington walked away amongst the rest, not caring to cast a backward glance upon the half-drowned welsher.

"Poor devil!" muttered the former.

"He richly deserved all he got," said Huntington.

"Well, I suppose so. The standard of morality must be kept up, and the public must not be robbed of its money. What are you backing for this next race? It ought to be a pretty good certainty for Roper's mare."

Huntington looked wise and shook his head. "Not meant," said he.

So they went back to the ring; and somehow or other Mr. Roper's mare didn't win the next race; and nobody suggested that Mr. Roper should be dragged through a horsepond on that account.

It was piercingly cold when Captain Craven climbed into his dog-cart to go home; and as he drove off the course he remarked to the groom who was sitting behind him, "There'll be a sharp frost to-night, as sure as a gun. Confound it all! we shall have no outdoor peaches this year, I'm afraid."

"No, Sir; nor yet no apricots," answered the groom, with that tone of subdued satisfaction in which it is human to speak of the freaks of the seasons. "Nor yet no plums."

Tom drove on, thinking to himself that Nature sometimes displayed a singular lack of forethought in her arrangements. "If it had been only the apples, now, I shouldn't have minded so much," he mused; "but it's a horrid bore being done out of one's peaches. We had a good open winter, though: I'm bound to say that—and one must take the rough with the smooth."

The current of his reflections was interrupted by the sight of a fellow-creature who at that moment was getting somewhat more than his fair share of the rough side of existence. Crouched under a hedgerow, with his feet in the roadside ditch, was a shivering figure which Tom at once recognised. "Our friend the welsher, by George!" he ejaculated, pulling up. "Now then, my man, what are you doing there? Is it your notion of spending a pleasant evening to sit soaking wet in a ditch, with a wind blowing fit to cut your head off?"

The man looked up and stared stupidly at his questioner. He was blue with cold, and seemed unable to get out a word through his chattering teeth.

"Well?" said Tom, impatiently. "You'd better be moving on, hadn't you? I suppose you've got some place to go to?"

The man shook his head, with the ghost of a smile, and then looked down at the leather satchel which was slung over his shoulder by a strap. It was hanging open; doubtless it had been rifled of any cash that it might have contained after the race which had wrecked its owner's fortunes. The significance of that downward glance was not lost upon Tom, who said, somewhat ungraciously,

"Well, we can't let you die of exposure on the Queen's highway. The best thing you can do is to jump up and come home with me."

The welsher had scrambled to his feet, and was standing, shaking with cold, beside the dog-cart. "Thankye kindly, Sir," he said; "but I should spile your cushions with my wet clothes."

Tom picked up the cushion beside him, and tossed it over on to the back seat. "Sit on the boards then," he returned. "And here, Dickson, hand him over that spare ulster; he may as well get into that." Then, seeing that the object of his charity hesitated again, he added roughly, "Look sharp, man! You don't suppose I shall wear the coat afterwards, do you?"

The man did as he was told, without further protest, and Tom felt a little ashamed of his last speech when he had started off again with this queer companion. After all, there had been no need to insult the poor brute. Probably it was because he was ashamed of himself that he continued to speak harshly.

"What an infernal idiot you must be! First you get yourself half drowned, and then you calmly sit down by the wayside and wait for the wind to freeze you as hard as a board! A pretty story it would have been for the papers if you had been found there dead in the morning! 'Horrible barbarity at a country race-meeting,' and all that sort of thing—it would have been quite a godsend for them. What the deuce do you mean by it, eh?"

The man did not reply. He had almost disappeared in the folds of the ulster, which was a world too large for him: but when Tom turned round he met the shrinking, deprecating gaze of a pair of brown eyes, which reminded him of a certain setter of his whom he had to thrash sometimes, and as he was in reality as tender-hearted as a child, he could not go on scolding any longer.

Captain Craven always drove home at a slashing pace, for it was his theory that it didn't matter how hot you made your horses, so long as you were taking them back to their own stable; but on this occasion he covered the ground even more rapidly than usual, and it was not long before he pulled up at the front door of Houghton Lodge.

"Williams," he said to the butler, who came down the steps, and who stared hard at the stranger, "just see to this man, will you. He has been in the water, and I expect he is pretty well chilled. A warm bath would be about the thing, I should think. Yes; give him a warm bath, and something hot to drink; and then—let me see—he'll want some clothes, I suppose. You had better let him have some of mine—any old things, you know."

With that he betook himself to the library, where a bright fire was burning, and, having seated himself in an arm-chair and read a few sentences of the first leading article in the *Times*, dropped into a doze, which soon became a sound slumber. He was roused, after some considerable time, by the clatter of fireirons, and, starting up, discovered Williams, the butler, who had come in to see after the fire, and had allowed the poker to fall. "Well; what is it?" he asked, rather crossly, for he knew that Williams would never have done such a clumsy thing without intention.

"I beg your pardon, Sir; but what did you wish us to do about that man as you brought back with you?"

"I thought I told you what to do with him."

"Yes, Sir, and your orders have been carried out. He has 'ad his bath, Sir, likewise some 'ot brandy-and-water; and I gave him the old black and white checks, thinking as you wouldn't require them again. But he haven't got no 'at, Sir, and you didn't mention that."

"You can give him an old hat in the morning."

Williams assumed an air of respectful consternation. "Is he to stop the night 'ere, Sir?"

"Why, of course he is; we can't turn him out on to the high-road again. I suppose Dickson has told you all about him. You can let him have some supper when you take yours. What's the matter now? You can't bring yourself to sit down beside a welsher—is that it?"

"'Tis not alone myself, Sir," replied Williams, with dignity. "But the other servants, Sir—I couldn't ask them to do such a thing. Nor they wouldn't do it, if I was to ask them ever so."

"I see. Of course, you are perfectly right, and it's greatly to your credit that you should shrink from contamination. For my own part, I have always been very humble, and I dare say the welsher won't corrupt my morals in one evening. So you can lay a couple of places, Williams, and he shall dine with me. I am sorry that you will be obliged to submit to the indignity of waiting upon him; but you must try to bear up. The Pope of Rome waits upon a baker's dozen of beggars once a year, as perhaps you may have heard. He does it to show that there's no beastly pride about him, you understand."

"I don't 'old with Popish practices myself, Sir," observed Williams, who disliked being chaffed.

"No? You'll have to borrow a leaf out of his Holiness's book this evening, though, I'm afraid."

Williams, who had an easy place, which he had no wish to quit, knew very well when his master intended to be obeyed, and judged it best to leave the room in silence. Tom called him back as he was closing the door. "Stop! you may as well send the man in here now; and tell Mrs. Evans that he will sleep in the blue room to-night."

"Very good, Sir," answered the butler, gloomily.

Tom, when he was left alone, stretched himself and yawned, and then laughed. He had given the above instructions without considering very much what he was doing, his chief object having been to disconcert the solemn Williams. But now he began to think that it would be rather good fun to hobnob for once in a way with a member of the criminal classes. If only the man could be induced to talk, he might very probably have some novel and interesting information to impart; the only question was whether it would be possible to set him at his ease.

However, Tom perceived that there was not much difficulty to be apprehended on that score as soon as the man made his appearance, wearing, indeed, a properly deferential air, yet with a demure twinkle in his eyes, which showed that the humour of the situation was not wasted upon him. He was not an ill-looking fellow, now that he was washed and decently clad. His face was clean-shaven, showing a square jaw and a large curve mouth. The latter was in shape not unlike the common type of habitual-criminal mouth, though it differed from that in the important particular of the shortness of the upper lip; but the expression of it betrayed neither cunning nor ferocity, only a certain shrewd kindness, apparent in the lines about its corners and the faint smile that hovered over it. The eyes, too, small as they were, had a pleasant light in them, and the short, blunt nose might very well have been the property of an honest citizen. His age appeared to be forty or thereabouts. Tom summed him up, as upon the whole, rather resembling a lost sheep than a goat.

"They've managed to rig you out pretty well, I see," he remarked, looking at his own discarded check suit.

"Yes, Sir—and thank you. The clothes of the rich most always do seem to fit the poor, spite of differences of stature. 'Tis not the same with their 'abits. If we was to try puttin' them on we should precious soon find ourselves in jail!"

"How do you mean?"

"Tattersall's, Sir, for instance."

"Oh, yes; I know—that's an old story; we won't go into that," said Tom, hastily. "By-the-way, what's your name?"

"Holiday, Sir—Richard Holiday. Go by the name o' Dick in general."

"H'm—a cheerful name, at all events."

"Yes, Sir: cheerful is my name and cheerful is my natur', as I often say—spite of rubs."

Tom took a long look at his disreputable guest. Certainly it would be necessary to read this impudent rascal a lecture before letting him go: but perhaps it would be only fair to feed him first. "Sit down, Holiday, and read the papers while I go and dress," he said. "I'll be with you again presently."

The gong sounded before he had left his dressing-room, so that he only put in his head at the library door, when he went down stairs, to say: "Dinner's ready, come along."

Nothing could have exceeded the propriety of Mr. Holiday's behaviour at table. He knew that the eyes of Williams were upon him, and was determined to commit no disgraceful solecisms. Once, it is true, he inadvertently made use of the tablecloth to wipe his mouth, and once his anxiety to do full justice to an excellent sauce led him into employing his bread in a manner declared to be inadmissible by the book of etiquette; but, these trifling misdemeanours excepted, he did nothing that he ought not to have done, and proved a grievous disappointment to the butler. The presence of that vigilant censor was, nevertheless, an embarrassment to him, as indeed it was also to his entertainer, who did not like to stir up painful memories by alluding to the races, yet had some trouble in finding anything else to talk about. But, in due course of time, Williams had to withdraw, and then Tom, turning his chair round towards the fire, breathed more freely.

"Have a cigar, Holiday," he said. "I always smoke directly after dinner myself. What will you drink?"

"Thank you, Sir, whatever you please," modestly replied the other. "But if I am to give it a name, I should say whisky."

W. E. N.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Grateful will be the rest and recreation of the Whitsuntide holidays to overworked Ministers—and to none more than to the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. William Henry Smith. Upon Mr. Smith the burden of leadership of the Commons has fallen with particular weight, owing to the lively and irreconcilable opposition of the Irish Home Rulers to the repression of Crime Bill. "There is a great spirit that rides and directs the storm"—according to the post-prandial dictum of the Prime Minister at the Merchant Taylors' sumptuous banquet. But, recuperating in the glades of Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone, his careworn brows relaxed, may not improbably disown this soft impeachment on the part of Lord Salisbury. One feature of Mr. Gladstone's forthcoming plan of campaign in Wales may possibly be the refutation of the Premier's charge that the right hon. gentleman is "master of this great engine, this powerful instrument, this tremendous whirlwind of obstruction that has broken upon us." Be this as it may be, in the highest interests of Parliament it is essential that systematic obstruction should be "crushed, pulverised, and destroyed" when the House of Commons reassembles. There need exist no reasonable fear that in these days the liberty of law-abiding Irishmen will be infringed. All the Government ask for is increased power to suppress the terrible and inhuman agrarian crimes which have disgraced Ireland, and which it should be manifestly to the interest of all members, Parnellite, Gladstonian, Liberal Unionist, and Conservative alike, to disown and prevent.

Lord Salisbury, it should be mentioned, paid a well-won compliment before leaving town to that genial and socially popular nobleman, the Marquis of Abergavenny. In unveiling Prince Victor of Hohenlohe's lifelike statue of Lord Abergavenny in the handsome entrance-hall of the Constitutional Club on Saturday last, the noble Marquis justly said his Lordship was the author of that remarkably fine and successful club, whose terra-cotta façade warmly lights up Northumberland-avenue. There can be no doubt that such palatial clubs as the Junior Carlton and the Constitutional are powerful and influential political institutions, and Lord Salisbury and Lord Abergavenny are wise in their generation to recognise their value.

The Royal Jubilee Thanksgiving of the Commons is described in detail in another column. Here it may be stated that Sunday's ceremonial was from first to last most impressive. Much of the success of the procession from the House to St. Margaret's was due to Colonel (I was about to add the justly-won title of Sir) Howard Vincent, the courteous commander of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, which admirably smart corps formed the guard of honour through whose ranks the Speaker and some hundreds of members walked to the church, with Mr. Smith beaming, Mr. Gladstone bare-headed and pallid and grave, Mr. Courtney complacently self-satisfied, and the Marquis of Hartington of imperial (not to say imperious) mien, at their head. I hear that the earnest Jubilee sermon of the Bishop of Ripon in St. Margaret's amply merited the vote of thanks passed on Monday. Those who remained in Westminster Hall with Colonel Howard Vincent and the Volunteers had the satisfaction of taking part in a musical Jubilee service of historic interest, and of listening to a really excellent address from the clarion-voiced Chaplain-General of the Forces, the Rev. John Cox Edghill, every word from whom was distinctly heard.

The Lords gathered in goodly force the day they adjourned, the noble army of Bishops being especially in strong array. Naturally. Tithes formed the chief topic. Whilst the Marquis of Salisbury leant back and looked up at Lord Brabourne, to listen to his comparatively new adherent's plain-spoken speech against the reasonable Tithes Bill of the Government, Earl Granville was observed to be nodding in the centre of the front Opposition bench—out of habitual courtesy, mayhap—it being apparent that Lord Onslow—dreaming, possibly, of the Imperial Federation he had laboured to bring about—had been caught napping. Other ears were keenly alive to tithes. Lord Salisbury convulsed his appreciative henchman, Lord Cranbrook, with suppressed laughter when he bantered Lord Brabourne for going back to Pope Gregory as an authority on tithes; and when the noble Marquis waxed ironic as to the value of "a Parliamentary title" the smiling spread even to the usually severe visage of Lord Herschell. Of course, the measure passed through Committee. The sitting, which opened with the granting of Royal Consent by Commission to several Bills and with a hopeful statement by the Prime Minister as to an agreement with the Porte (presumably in reference to Egypt), closed with a similarly hopeful answer by the Earl of Onslow in reference to the King of Swaziland's complaints against the Boers. Separating a day earlier than the Commons, their diligent and business-like Lordships reward themselves for their industry by a longer holiday. They are not to meet again till Thursday, the Ninth of June.

The Commons—many of whom did not leave the House till it was time to go "home with the milk in the morning" early on Tuesday—adjourned on the Tuesday afternoon till Monday, the Sixth of June. We shall have much leeway to make up. Notwithstanding many precious months of the Session have slipped by, only two clauses of the Irish Crimes Bill have been passed, one or more controversial points being postponed for the report, albeit the Committee indulged in the luxury of another all-night sitting on Monday. In the seclusion of Aix-les-Bains and Hatfield, Mr. Smith and Lord Salisbury may be able to devise means to restore the efficiency of the clogged Parliamentary machine.

The release of the Rev. James Bell Cox, imprisoned in Walton Jail for disobedience to episcopal commands in the Church ritual at St. Margaret's, Liverpool, took place on Saturday last.

A patent-law case of some interest was decided on appeal, by the Master of the Rolls, with the concurrence of the Lords Justices, on the 16th inst. It was in an action, tried by Mr. Justice Mathew last November, brought by Messrs. Kaye against Messrs. Chubb and Sons' Lock and Safe Company (Limited). The question was whether a "Push and Pull" lock made by Messrs. Chubb was an infringement of the plaintiff's patent of 1877. Counsel for Messrs. Chubb contended either that Messrs. Kaye's patent was bad for want of novelty; or that, if good, the lock made by them was no infringement, and they relied principally upon the prior inventions of Mr. Brodie and Mr. Imray in support of their case. A number of models and enlarged working diagrams were produced in court. Mr. Justice Mathew gave judgment for the plaintiff, with costs. This judgment has been reversed by the Master of the Rolls, who observed that what Mr. Kaye had done was to take the second alternative of Mr. Imray's specification, and to claim a patent for that, which in law he could not do, though assisted in this performance by Mr. Imray himself. The judgment of the Court of Appeal in favour of Messrs. Chubb and Sons went on this ground: that the plaintiff's patent was bad because it was identical with the second alternative in Mr. Imray's patent. The defendants would receive costs in the action as well as the costs in the appeal.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their daughters and by the Crown Prince of Denmark, opened the new buildings of the Medical College, with its Library, and the Nursing Home, attached to the London Hospital, in Whitechapel. This hospital, the largest and one of the most useful in England, though lacking rich endowments, has 790 beds, and the number of out-patients last year exceeded 80,000. It arose out of the London Infirmary, founded in 1741. The London Hospital Medical College—one of the best for professional instruction and practical training—was established in 1785. Its building on the present site has been twice enlarged since 1854, and the increasing number of students who have been attracted by the reputation of the hospital and college has necessitated this final enlargement of the school buildings. A sum of £15,000 has been expended upon this extension, and the present college can now claim to be complete in every department, and also to meet fully the advanced requirements of modern medical science. Among the important duties which the students perform in the hospital are those of dressers, clinical clerks, and maternity pupils; and from their number the resident officers are selected, after they have become qualified practitioners. The new library building will be a great improvement to the Medical College. Another object in view at the London Hospital is that of improving the system of nursing and providing a higher class of nurses and better discipline and superior training and instruction. To effect this object, house accommodation was essential, and, instead of closely-packed dormitories, the new Home provides superior rooms, a cheerful dining-hall, and many other advantages, all tending to brighten the lives of the inmates as well as securing for them the necessary quiet and rest.

Their Royal Highnesses on Saturday were received by the Duke of Cambridge, President of the hospital, the Vice-Presidents, Sir T. Fowell Buxton and Mr. Frederick Young, and the Treasurer, Mr. Robert Barclay, the Lord Mayor, and the Bishop of Bedford, with a guard of honour of the Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers. They were conducted to the Queen Victoria and Gloucester wards, and then to the Nursing Home. After a hymn by the chapel choir, and prayer by the Bishop of Bedford, the Princess declared the Home open. The Royal visitors were then conducted to the Medical College, at the garden entrance to which was a guard of honour of the Volunteer Ambulance Corps. In the Library a large number of spectators had assembled, and the Duke of Cambridge read an address, to which the Prince of Wales replied. The senior physician, Dr. Langdon Down, thanked their Royal Highnesses, by whom also, in 1864, the foundation-stone of the Alexandra Wing of this hospital was laid. In 1876, the eastern extension, a gift of the Grocers' Company, was opened by the Queen.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty arrived at Balmoral from Windsor Castle last Saturday afternoon. The Queen was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Frederica (Baroness von Pawel Rammingen), the children of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and the infant Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Her Majesty's sixty-eighth birthday was kept by the Queen in the usual homely fashion at Balmoral on Tuesday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, after the Levée held by his Royal Highness at St. James's Palace, last Saturday afternoon opened the Nursing Home and New Medical College Buildings in connection with the London Hospital, where the Princess gladdened many patients by distributing flowers amongst them. The same damp day, Princess Mary opened to the public the Terrace Gardens, Richmond. The Prince of Wales attended Epsom Races on Tuesday; and on the Wednesday a number of distinguished visitors accompanied the Prince and Princess to the Derby.

The sixty-eighth birthday of her Majesty was celebrated throughout the country on Tuesday with all the customary ceremonies and rejoicings. The annual birthday parade at the Horse Guards, which may fairly claim to be the prettiest bijou military performance to be seen in this country, took place in the morning. The Prince of Wales was in the uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, which is almost identical with that of the Guards; the Duke of Cambridge wore that of the Grenadier Guards, of which he is Colonel. Their Royal Highnesses were accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. Lord Wolseley and other distinguished officers were present. The Princess of Wales with her daughters, and the Duchess of Teck with her daughters, occupied the central windows on the first floor of the Horse Guards. The Prince in the evening attended the Prime Minister's banquet; and the Prince and Princess afterwards honoured with their presence Lady Salisbury's reception at the Foreign Office.

THE COLLIERY "PIT-BROW" WOMEN.

The sympathy of sensible people, not unmixed with amusement, wonder, and a trifle of admiration, has been recently expressed in favour of the sturdy Lancashire lasses, who came up to London and called upon the Home Secretary, asking Government to resist the proposed clauses of the Mines Regulation Bill. Women and girls never go down into "the pit" at a colliery, but they are employed at the "pit-brow," the mound of earth and shale around the mouth of the shaft, in the work of screening or sifting the smaller coal. It is rough and hard work, though not more so than the labours of peasant women in the fields. It is certainly not unhealthy, for the strong creatures they are; and, as they are not associated with the men in this employment, there is no intercourse that is likely to prejudice the cause of morality. We can remember, however, some thirty years ago, seeing what was not a pretty sight: young women harnessed by leather belts to small carts, which they dragged up and down a line of planks, as if they were donkeys. The loads were not too heavy, and they seemed to think it no degradation. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that this clumsy and unseemly method of carriage has long been disused. At any rate, the mere wearing of a "divided skirt" or loose trousers, of black flannel like the jacket, which forms a convenient and very decent costume, ought not to offend our delicacy, and cannot be deemed to justify passing a law to forbid their honestly earning their bread. A twelvemonth ago we received from one of the local clergy, the Rev. Harry Mitchell, Vicar of Pemberton, near Wigan, several communications upon this subject; and photographs were at the same time supplied by Mr. Wragg, of Wigan, some of which are now reproduced in our illustrations. We believe the women habitually employed in this kind of work in Lancashire to be as good, modest, industrious, and well-behaved as any in England; and they are well able to take care of themselves.

At a meeting of country traders in corn, held at Mark-lane on Monday, it was decided unanimously to form an arbitration board for the settlement of all disputes arising in the course of business.

THE DERBY WEEK.

The Jubilee Derby will be memorable for the victory of a "dark horse." Epsom Summer Meeting opened on Tuesday in weather a little less unlike May than the hail and sleet of last week. The Prince of Wales was present with a number of eminent personages, and met with the customary cordial welcome, on both Tuesday and Wednesday. On the opening day, Quail won the Craven Stakes, and Kaunitz the Ashstead Plate. The Egmont Plate fell to the Duke of Montrose with Dazzle. That Her Majesty (a grand-looking filly by Robert the Devil—Peace) would win the Woodcote Stakes was regarded as a foregone conclusion, and she did. The Belmont Stakes then fell to Gules; and the Norbury Plate to Pizarro; and Crowberry won the Chetwynd Plate. Enterprise, whose shoulder had been wrenches at exercise, was struck out of the Derby at 1.30 p.m. on Tuesday, removing one element of uncertainty for the great race.

The Derby drew the usual enormous concourse to Epsom Downs on Wednesday, when General Williams's Harpagon won the first race, the Riddlesdown Plate. The Baron, by his fine going on Tuesday over the Derby course, retained the position of prime favourite. But the victory was not gained by The Baron. The Derby was won by Mr. Abington's Merry Hampton, The Baron being second, and Martley, third. J. Watts was Merry Hampton's jockey, and he judiciously rode him. Merry Hampton drew away and won easily by four lengths; two lengths between second and third. Aintree was fourth. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 2 min. 43 sec Merry Hampton, a bay colt by Hampton—Doll Tearsheet, had not run in public previously. Merry Hampton's sire is also the sire of the Duke of Beaufort's Rêve d'Or, first favourite for the Oaks, on Friday.

It may be added that the French Derby (Prix du Jockey Club) was won at Chantilly by M. Aumont's Monarque; and that the Austrian Derby was carried off by Baron Nathaniel De Rothschild's Zsupan.

CELEBRATED RACEHORSES.

In the week of the Derby Day, and in prospect of other great meetings on the Turf this year, it is seasonable to notice the first volume of an important publication belonging to the history of racing. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have begun to produce, in handsome style, the four volumes containing "Portraits of Celebrated Racehorses of the Past and Present Centuries," with full records, by Mr. T. H. Taunton, of the pedigrees and performances of those noble animals. They are arranged in strict chronological order, from 1702 to 1870, commencing with the "Darley Arabian," the sire of Flying Childers. Mr. Darley, of Aldby Park, York, through his brother, a merchant at Aleppo, in 1705 obtained the famous colt, called "Mannicka" by the Arabs, then nearly four years old. The "Godolphin Arabian," more resembling the highest breed of Barbs, is of unknown antecedents, but is believed to have been foaled in 1724; he came into the possession of the Earl of Godolphin, and contributed more, probably, than any other equine sire to improve the English breed. Several other pure Arabians are described and illustrated, giving a tinge of implied Oriental romance to the early memorials of the stud and the turf. Flying Childers, named from his breeder, Mr. Leonard Childers, of Doncaster, who sold him to the Duke of Devonshire, is honoured with two portraits. He is said to have flown, not run, carrying 9 st. 2 lb., at the pace of 82 ft. 6 in. a second, nearly a mile a minute—which few birds could beat—and he covered, in seven minutes and a half, a course of four miles, one furlong, 128 yards. "He is allowed," says the chronicler, "to have been the fleetest horse that has ever appeared in the world." Skipping the records of above forty years, we look for the scarcely less celebrated name of "Eclipse." This horse of proverbial swiftness, foaled during the memorable eclipse of the sun in 1764, was bred by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, after whose death he was purchased by Mr. Wildman, "a salesman at Smithfield, who kept a good stud of racehorses at Mickleham, near Epsom." Eclipse ran no races until he was five years old; 1769 and 1770 witnessed his great performances in the four-mile heats then commonly practised. Jack Oakley, his rider, did not mind his capricious temper, and let him run away. As a potential sire, in the ownership latterly of Dennis O'Kelly, Eclipse is said to have earned his master, altogether, the large sum of £25,000. We have not space to dwell further upon the interesting anecdotes to be found in this volume, which is confined to the racehorses foaled within the eighteenth century, some of their achievements being of a few years' later date. More than a hundred illustrations, copies of old engravings, or drawings after pictures of the time, are given in the present volume, which in some peculiar characteristics must needs differ from the three volumes to come. The racehorses of the last century, as most readers are aware, did not entirely resemble those of our own day; the standard of excellence in their points and powers was not the same as it is now. Most of the winners of the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger remain to be described in the second, third, and fourth volumes of this work; and Mr. Taunton will no doubt continue his task as well as he has begun.

Two Atlantic steam-ships of the White Star Line, the Celtic and the Britannic, came into collision off New York, on Thursday week. Both were damaged; but got into New York harbour. Six or seven passengers of the Britannic were killed, and nearly twenty injured.

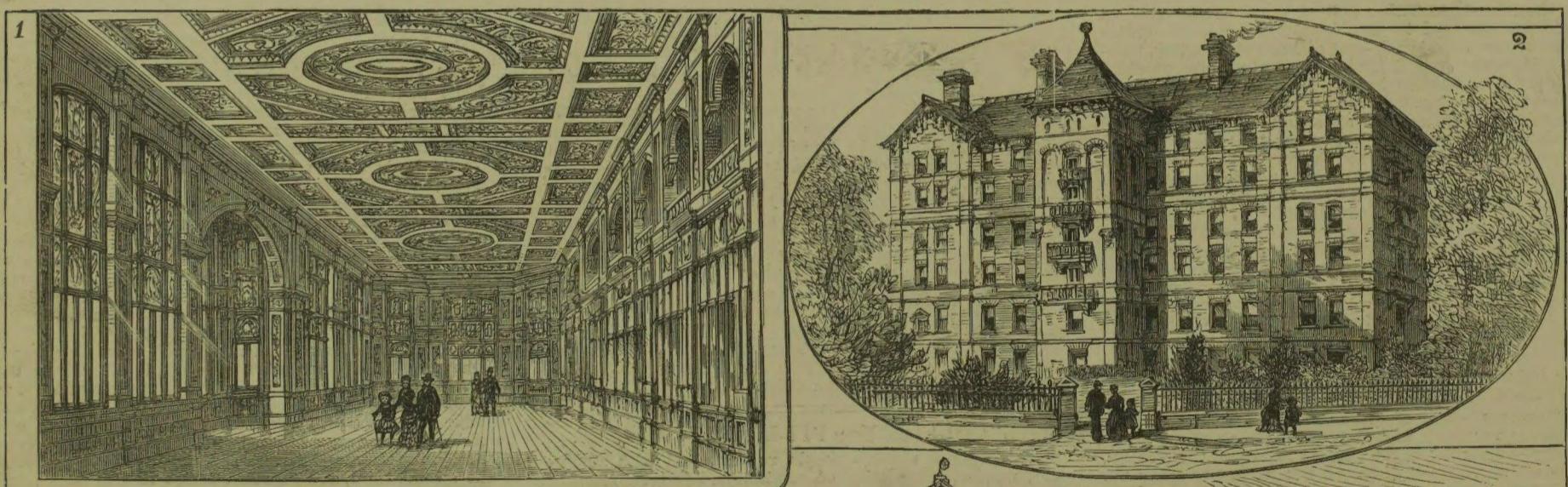
A series of extraordinary malicious outrages by means of explosives has been perpetrated at Hebburn, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The houses of Mr. J. Matheson, shipyard manager, and of Mr. Hardy, rate-collector, had charges of gunpowder exploded against them, which did little mischief. On Monday night, an explosion of dynamite, as is supposed, took place about midnight at the police-station, blowing open the doors of the magistrates' entrance and of the inspector's office.

On Thursday, June 16, the Lord Mayor will entertain her Majesty's Judges at dinner at the Mansion House; on June 18, the representatives of literature, science, and art; June 20, the Mayors and High Sheriffs; July 6, the Archbishops and Bishops; and on July 15, the Metropolitan Board of Works. On June 15 the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress will receive at luncheon representatives of the dramatic profession. The banquet to her Majesty's Ministers will probably be held at the end of July or beginning of August.

The protracted negotiations of Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff at Constantinople have resulted in the signing of a Convention between the Turkish Imperial Government and the British Government for the settlement of Egypt. It is understood that the arrangement is for the withdrawal of the British military forces from Egypt within three years, but with a distinct condition that no other European Power shall in any case be permitted to send troops to Egypt; and that, if the Khedive's authority should require any such support, the Turkish and British Governments will furnish it, or one of them with consent of the other. This arrangement will have to be confirmed by the other European Powers.



LANCASHIRE PIT-BROW WOMEN.



1. Library of Medical College.

2. Nursing Home.

3. Medical College.

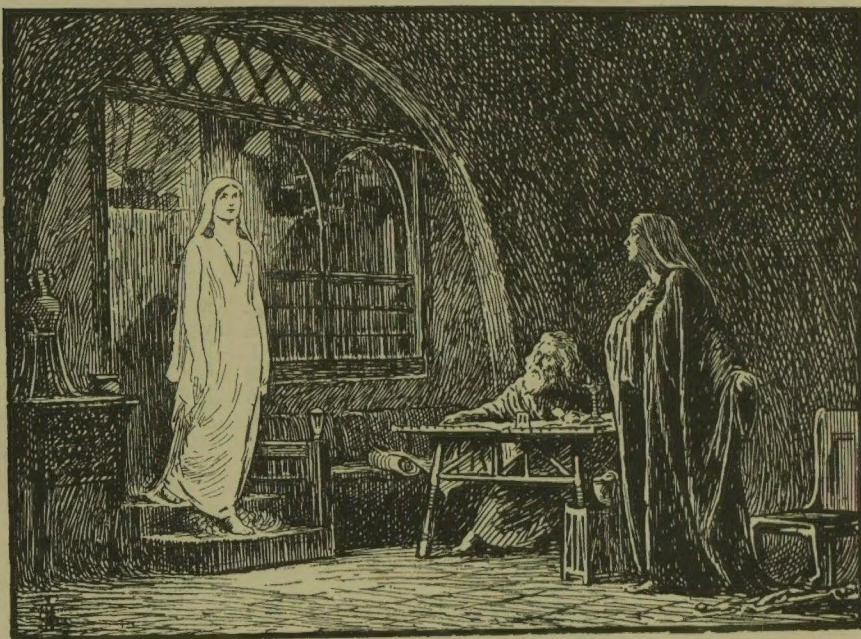


THE BALEFUL HEAD.—E. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.

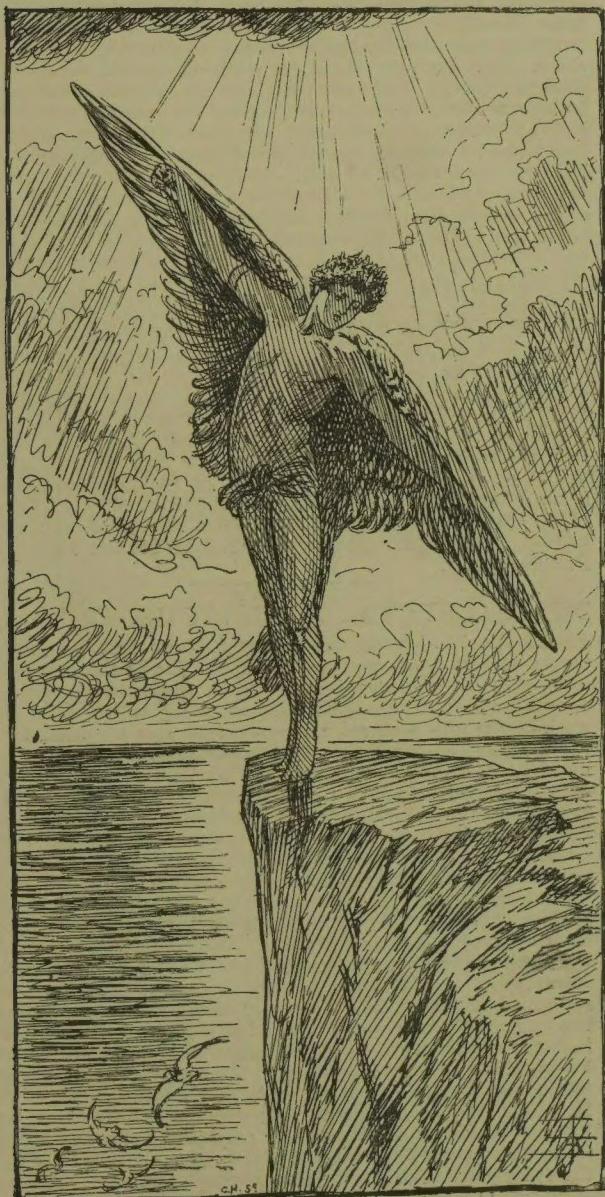


THE MUSHROOM HUNTERS.—J. H. LORIMER.

SKETCHES
OF
PICTURES
IN THE
GROSVENOR
GALLERY.



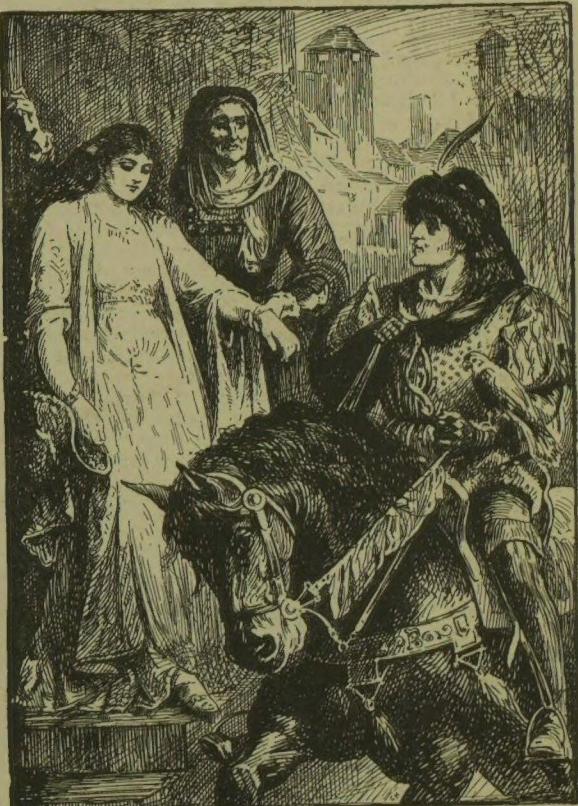
THROUGH DEATH UNTO LIFE.—C. W. MITCHELL.



ICARUS STARTING ON HIS FLIGHT.—W. B. RICHMOND.



A CORNER OF THE MARKET PLACE.—E. J. POYNTER, R.A.



BUONDELMONTE AND THE DONATI.—C. E. HALLE.



WRACK FOR THE FARM.—W. H. BARTLETT.



CRONIES.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



SPEARING FISH.—C. NAPIER HEMY.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The regular summer season of this establishment opened on Tuesday night, again under the lesseeship of Signor Lago, as during last year. We have already given an outline of the prospectus of the forthcoming performances, and need now, therefore, only speak of that of the opening night, when Donizetti's "La Favorita" was the opera, with the character of Leonora sustained by Mdlle. Medea Mei, who made her first appearance in England. The lady, who comes with good credentials from abroad, is evidently an experienced artist. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, of considerable power and adequate compass; some degree of tremolo will probably disappear with the advent of more genial weather. Mdlle. Mei gave her music with much effect, having at once produced a favourable impression in the opening duet with Fernando. In the subsequent, and more impassioned, situations she was equally successful, especially in that with Alfonso, when appealing to him for mercy; in the great scene at the end of the third act, and in the closing music of the opera. As Fernando, Signor Gayarré repeated a powerful performance that has been a special feature in former representations of the opera here. In the impassioned situations—especially in the great scene in which Fernando upbraids the King and spurns his gifts—his declamation was highly effective. The aria, "Spirto gentil," was enthusiastically encored, although sung at a very late period of the night. Signor D'Andrade's fine baritone voice gave full effect to the music of Alfonso; that of Baldassare having been impressively delivered by Signor Campello, who made his first appearance here, and displayed a resonant bass voice. In the small part of Inez, Mdlle. Florenza sang gracefully but somewhat feebly, the ease having been completed by Signor I. Corsi as Gasparo. An excellent orchestra (led by Mr. Carrodus), and an efficient chorus, contributed to the general effect of the opera, which was ably conducted by Signor Bevignani. There was so large an attendance as to augur well for the prospects of Signor Lago's new season. Subsequent performances must be spoken of next week.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The performances of operas in English at Drury-Lane Theatre are approaching the termination of their six-weeks' season, only a fortnight remaining in completion thereof.

The proceedings of last week included the 100th performance of Mr. Goring Thomas's opera "Esmeralda," which was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1883, and has since run a successful course both here and in the provinces, as well as abroad. The merits of the work have more than once been dwelt on, and need no further comment now. Last week's cast was in three important respects the same as that of the early performances. Again Madame Georgina Burns in the title-character, and Mr. B. McGuckin and Mr. Leslie Crotty, respectively, as Phœbus and Quasimodo, sustained their parts with high vocal and dramatic efficiency. Miss Vadini, as Fleur de Lys, sang gracefully; Mr. J. Sauvage, as Claude Frollo, was not an improvement on his predecessor in the part; Mr. M. Eugène as Clopin and Mr. P. Clarke as Gringoire were earnest in their endeavours, and still more subordinate characters were fairly well sustained. The other performances of last week were repetitions of operas recently given; "Faust," on Saturday night, having included the transference of the title-character to Mr. B. McGuckin, and the first appearance here of Miss Groll as Marguerite. The first-named artist sang and acted with excellent effect, and the débutante (a young American lady) made a highly favourable impression.

Of this week's production of Wagner's "Lohengrin" and Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" we must speak hereafter.

Last week's Philharmonic concert—the fifth of the current season—brought forward a new orchestral work by Mr. F. Corder—a "Roumanian Suite." It consists of four movements, respectively entitled "A Rhapsody," "A Dance," "A Romance," and "Zingaresca." The special national character indicated in the general title of Mr. Corder's work is very successfully reflected throughout; the peculiar rhythm (which is a special feature of Roumanian, as of Bohemian and Hungarian, music) being very happily used; the employment of augmented intervals being also a characteristic trait. The orchestral colouring is interesting in its variety, without being overwrought. Each movement pleased greatly, the exuberant vivacity of the last having formed an animated climax. The "Suite" was conducted by the composer, and was much applauded. The concert included fine performances of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Wagner's overture to "Die Meistersinger," Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto (with Mdlle. Kleeberg as pianist), and Signor Bottesini's concerto in F sharp minor for the double bass (with the composer as soloist). The instrumental programme was varied by Mr. Santley's artistic rendering of Mozart's concert-aria, "Per questa bella mano" (with contra-basso obbligato by Signor Bottesini), and Purcell's fine song, "Let the dreadful engines." With the exception already mentioned, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted.

The Richter Concert of last Monday, the fourth of the present series, included the first performance in England of a symphony by Herr Bruckner. The composer, who is Court organist at Vienna, was little known until he had attained his sixtieth year, the symphony now referred to having recently been warmly received in Germany. It is the seventh work of the kind that Herr Bruckner has produced, and its hearing on Monday night gave additional proof (if any were wanted) of the deterioration of German musical taste in recent days. The symphony (in four tedious movements) is a prolonged collection of inflated platitudes and shallow puerilities, strung together with little coherence or design, and without a sign of originality either in idea or treatment. The greater portion of it gives the impression of a crude reflection of the style of Wagner, treated (unconsciously, no doubt) in a spirit of burlesque or caricature. It is long since such a vapid and pretentious piece of manufactured music (occupying nearly an hour) has been submitted to by an English audience. Judging by this specimen, we hope to be spared the infliction of any of the other six symphonies of Herr Bruckner. Monday's concert included fine performances of Brahms's "Academic Overture," "The Ride of the Walkyries," from Wagner's "Die Walküre," and the great love-duet for Siegmund and Sieglinde, from the first act of the same opera. This elaborate vocal piece was excellently declaimed by Miss Pauline Cramer and Mr. E. Lloyd; the lady having suddenly replaced Madame Valleria in consequence of her illness. The overture was interrupted by a casual slip, and was therefore repeated—Herr Richter having candidly explained that the fault was his, and not that of the orchestra.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, has fixed next Tuesday evening for the concert to be given in the Westminster Town-hall in aid of the Children's Jubilee Fund. Her Royal Highness is to be present at the concert, which will include a new walse, composed for the children's orchestra by Signor Denza; and the familiar Jubilee ode, "Awake! O Happy Nation!"

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 24.

The Ministerial crisis, which began just a week ago, has come to the pass of M. Floquet attempting to form a Cabinet. Day after day President Grévy conferred with this one and with that one: with M. Freycinet, with M. Floquet, with M. Rouvier, and with everybody, except M. Clémenceau, who is the leader of the Opposition, and just as much an occult dictator as Gambetta was before he was called upon to form a Cabinet. Since the fall of the Ferry Ministry, M. Clémenceau has been the master of the Legislative Assembly; it is he who imposed General Boulanger on the weakness of M. Freycinet; and it is he who overthrew the Freycinet Cabinet, who led the intrigue against the Goblet Cabinet, and whose promised hostility has sufficed to kill half a dozen Ministries before they were even born. Some day or other M. Clémenceau will have to be Minister; he will either obtain a majority in the Chamber or he will not, and in the latter case there will be an end of him, and the ground will be clear for the future. However, M. Grévy did not seem inclined to call upon M. Clémenceau; nor could M. Grévy like a dissolution, especially in the present circumstances when General Boulanger might come out at the head of the list in forty or fifty Departments. What would Germany say then?

The present situation is strangely complicated by the uncontested popularity of General Boulanger. On Sunday the aspect of Paris was curious. It was a cold, rainy, and windy day; at the Northern Railway station a crowd of amusement-seekers filled the Chantilly trains, and went to see the French Derby won by Monarque; in the cemetery of Pére Lachaise, Louise Michel, Camelinat, deputy for Paris, some Municipal Councillors, and a set of silly revolutionaries celebrated the anniversary of the repression of the Commune and of the week of blood, and spoke of massacring half Paris; meanwhile, in the different sections of Paris, citizens were voting for a deputy. And to think that only one candidate came forward to represent this modern Athens, and that candidate was a revolutionary Municipal Councillor, Mesureur by name, a designer of embroidery patterns by trade! The number of electors on the list was 569,236 and the number of voters 271,334. Mesureur obtained 219,929, and 38,457 were given to General Boulanger, who was neither a candidate nor eligible. These votes for Boulanger were given at the instigation of some Radical newspapers with a view to protesting against the General's retirement from the Ministry of War. The vote was, in short, an attempt at an indirect plebiscite intended to force General Boulanger upon the new Cabinet. With all these events, here is France in a sufficiently alarming state. Sixteen years after the Commune and seven years after the amnesty, a Deputy and a Municipal Councillor hoist the red flag, and proclaim assassination to be a holy duty. At the same time, a Socialist revolutionary walks over the political course without a single competitor. The Ministerial crisis and the Chamber which has provoked it inspire no confidence whatever, but rather tend more and more to disgust France with Parliamentary government. Meanwhile, Boulanger is the name on everybody's lips; the popular General dominates the situation with his enigmatical personality; Boulanger is the hero of the streets and of the cafés-concerts, where he is nightly celebrated as the "Général Revanche."

The sale of the Crown jewels came to an end yesterday, when the total of the bids reached 6,864,050f., to which must be added the supplementary tax of 5 per cent, bringing the final total up to 7,207,252f. 50c. The largest buyer has been the firm of Tiffany, of New York.

The Conseil d'Etat has given judgment in the matter of the appeal of the Orleans and Murat Princes against the decree of the Republican Government depriving them of their military grades. The appeal of the four Orleans Princes is rejected, while that of the Murat Princes is granted on the ground that, though allied to the Buonaparte family, they are not really Buonapartes, and do not belong to a family which has reigned over France.

Professor Vulpian died last week, at the age of sixty-one. During the Empire, M. Vulpian, who then held the chair of pathological anatomy, was frequently denounced and attacked as an atheist and a materialist; but these denunciations only served to render him more popular in the schools, and to give him a reputation of scientific dignity and conscientiousness. In 1875, M. Vulpian was appointed "Doyen" or Dean of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, which post he resigned when M. Paul Bert became Minister and Grand Master of the University. M. Vulpian was a great teacher and a great experimenter, his specialty being the vaso-motor nerves. It was he who encouraged M. Pasteur to try the influence of his system of preventive inoculation on man.

The Institut Pasteur will very shortly become a reality. The subscriptions have produced a sum of 1,975,000f. A large plot of land, 11,000 square metres, has been bought in the Rue Vaugirard, and the plans of the laboratories have been approved, and building operations will be begun immediately.

MM. Cerfber and Christophe have published a wonderful book, entitled "Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine de H. de Balzac" (1 vol. 8vo. Calmann Lévy). This volume of 560 pages contains two thousand biographies of the different characters who figure in Balzac's novels, with the date of their birth, their occupation, their appearance, their habits; it is a sort of Veperean or "Men of the Time," made up of imaginary personages, who are, nevertheless, more real than reality. Cousin Pons, Balthazar Claus, and Eugénie Grandet possess the eternal reality of art. Why should they not have their état civil clearly set forth? Evidently that is the opinion of the authors of this curious work. T. C.

The Portrait of Mr. Ellis Lever, of Manchester, is from a photograph by Mr. G. Higginson, of Bowdon, Cheshire.

The spring general meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held, at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall-yard, on Saturday (to-day), at three o'clock; the Duke of Cambridge, President of the Association, in the chair.

The South Middlesex Rifle Volunteers on Saturday afternoon marched to Fulham churchyard to the unveiling of the memorial over the grave of the late Lord Ranelagh. It is a handsome block of finely-carved grey Aberdeen granite, bearing the crest and name of Lord Ranelagh, with the badge of the corps, and the inscription that he raised the regiment in 1859 and commanded it until his death.

In the Dublin Court of Appeal on Saturday judgment was delivered in the appeal by the Rev. Canon Kelleher from a judgment of the Queen's Bench refusing to issue a writ of habeas corpus, with a view to his release from custody. Canon Kelleher was committed to prison by Judge Boyd, of the Bankruptcy Court, for contempt in refusing to answer questions respecting money lodged under the Plan of Campaign. The warrant for Canon Kelleher's committal to prison was declared bad. The order of the Appeal Court was that the decision of the Court below would be reversed, and Canon Kelleher was to be released. He was accordingly set at liberty, and went home to Cork.

OBITUARY.

SIR P. VAN NOTTEN POLE, BART.

Sir Peter Van Notten Pole, third Baronet, of Todenhurst House, Gloucester, M.A., J.P. and D.L., died on the 13th inst., aged eighty-six. He was eldest son of Sir Peter Pole, second Baronet, and grandson of Mr. Charles Van Notten, of Wolverton, Hants, who married, 1769, Millicent, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Pole, of Holt-croft (fourth son of Mr. Samuel Pole, of Radborne, Derbyshire), assumed his wife's surname in 1787, and was created a Baronet in 1791. The gentleman whose death we record married—firstly, in 1825, Lady Louisa Pery, daughter of the first Earl of Limerick; and secondly, 1863, Louisa, daughter of Mr. Samuel Lands, E.I.C.S., Bombay. By the former (who died, 1852) he had, with two daughters, one son, Cecil Charles, who predeceased him in 1876, leaving, with other issue, a son and heir, now Sir Cecil Pery Van Notten Pole, fourth Baronet, born in 1863.

SIR HORACE JONES.

Sir Horace Jones, D.L., the City Architect, who died on the 21st inst., at his residence in Devonshire-place, was a distinguished member of his profession. He was born May 20, 1819, the son of Mr. David Jones, of London, and succeeded Mr. Bunning as architect to the Corporation. Among his works were the central markets at Smithfield, Billingsgate, and Leadenhall; and the Guildhall Library, Reading-room, Museum, and new Council Chamber. He filled recently the office of President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and on his retirement, in 1886, received the honour of knighthood. Sir Horace married, April 15, 1875, Ann Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Patch, Barrister-at-Law.

LADY SEMPILL.

The Right Hon. Frances Emily, Baroness Sempill, died at Bad-Homburg, in Germany, on the 13th inst. Her Ladyship was youngest daughter of Sir Robert Abercromby, fifth Baronet, of Birkenbog, and was married Nov. 18, 1862, to Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Craigievar, Aberdeenshire, by whom she leaves four sons and two daughters. The eldest of the former, John, Master of Sempill, Lieutenant Cameron Highlanders, was born Aug. 21, 1863. Her husband, Sir William Forbes, succeeded his kinswoman, the late Lady Sempill, in 1884, as fifteenth Lord Sempill.

MR. F. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.

Mr. Frederic Douglas-Hamilton, late her Majesty's Minister-Resident at Ecuador, died at Tunbridge Wells, on the 15th inst. He was born May 12, 1815, the fifth son of Lieutenant Augustus Barrington Price Hamilton, R.N., grandson of Lord Anne Hamilton, whose father, James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, was the famous statesman of the reign of Queen Anne. Mr. Frederic Hamilton was appointed Attaché at Buenos Ayres in 1834, and at Rio Janeiro in 1836. Afterwards transferred to Montevideo, he became Secretary to Sir Henry Ellis's Mission to Vienna, and was successively Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart, Athens, Frankfort, and Stockholm. In 1867 he went to the Central American Republic as Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General at Quito, and in 1872 was accredited as Minister-Resident. He married, Feb. 25, 1843, Marina, daughter of Mr. James Norton.

MR. JOHN A. BLAKE, M.P.

Mr. John Aloysius Blake, M.P. for the county of Carlow, died suddenly, on the 22nd inst. He was born in 1826, the son of Mr. Andrew Blake, of Waterford, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Patrick Galway, of the same place, and was educated at St. John's College, Waterford, and at the Royal College, Pau. He sat in Parliament for many years, from 1857 to 1869 for the City, and from 1880 to 1884 for the county of Waterford, and for the county of Carlow since 1886, always as a Nationalist. For some time he held office in Ireland as Inspector of Fisheries. In 1855, 1856, and 1857 he was Mayor of Waterford; and from 1858 to 1859 President of the Waterford Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Blake married, in 1874, Adelaide, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Mahon Power, of Faithlegg, M.P.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY EXHIBITION.
Abundant critical notice and comment, in the first and second weeks of May, bestowed on the Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery by the accustomed writer upon those matters in our Journal, will have rendered it unnecessary to say more this week of the nine pictures represented in our selection from the Illustrated Catalogue. The reader, however, may need to be advised or reminded of the supposition, in Mr. Burne-Jones's picture, that the head of Medusa, the Fury, appears reflected in the water, into which Perses and Andromeda are intently gazing. The fable of Icarus, the rash youth furnished by his ingenious father with a pair of wings, who flew too near the sun, and got their waxen fastening melted by its heat, is treated by Mr. W. B. Richmond; while Mr. C. W. Mitchell, in his "Through Death to Life," represents the apparition of a female Christian saint, recently martyred, to her family in the house of mourning. The story of Buondelmonte, who was tempted by the Donati to break off his appointed marriage, and to espouse their daughter instead of the young lady to whom his hand was pledged, is a familiar incident of thirteenth-century Florentine history, and cannot be forgotten by readers of Dante. The murder by which this slight was avenged is stated to have been the cause of the long and fierce contentions between the Bianchi and Neri factions, which finally drove the poet into exile, and fatally injured the political prospects of Florence. The subjects of the other pictures do not require any explanation.

The Queen's birthday, on Tuesday, was celebrated all over the United Kingdom with the customary signs of loyalty and festivity. There was the usual parade of the Foot Guards regiments, with a troop of the 2nd Life Guards, on the ground behind the Horse Guards building; the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, and the Duchess of Teck, saw it from the windows. The Prime Minister, the Secretaries of State, and other leading members of the Government, had official dinner-parties. There was ringing of church bells; and the streets of the West-End of London were illuminated at night. A grand parade of nine thousand troops was held at Aldershot; and there were similar military displays at Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, Dover, and other stations. The Coldstream Guards paraded in Windsor Park. At Dublin, in the Phoenix Park, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar held a review of all the troops, in the presence of the Lord-Lieutenant; and there was also a review at Limerick, where, it was observed with regret, the militia corps joined but faintly and partially in cheers for the Queen.



THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Quite a fashionable event was the exhibition and sale of work which was held at Spencer House on Tuesday and Wednesday, in aid of Mrs. Ernest Hart's generous work in spreading cottage industries amongst the poor of Donegal, and for assisting impoverished Irish ladies. The latter do beautiful embroideries, called *Kells* work, pure flax linen, and on cloth, which is handspun and dyed by the peasantry. The poverty relieved by these industries is, according to an interesting address which Mrs. Hart gave in the painted drawing-room at Spencer House, of the most distressing description. Her Majesty has ordered curtains, for Windsor Castle, of terracotta cloth, worked in silk, and also other articles; and the presence of the Princess of Wales at the bazaar was one reason why it was so fashionably attended.

The Princess wore a dress of dark blue velvet and pale blue silk in alternate stripes, with a waistcoat of pale blue crêpe, over which bars of the material were strapped; while her bonnet was of dark blue straw with high pale-blue feather aigrette, and was held on by a diamond-hilted sword. Countess Granville was the lady in charge of the flower-stall. Her Ladyship is not exactly like the Princess, but resembles her Royal Highness's style—graceful, slender, elegant, and gracious-looking; she wore a black frisé velvet and silk dress, and a grey straw bonnet veiled with spotted tulle, and trimmed with a feather. It would be hard to find a more charming unrehearsed picture than those two ladies made as they stood with a big basket of roses held between them. Countess Spencer, as hostess, conducted the Princess round the rooms. The Countess wore a dark-blue velvet and silk striped gown, with waistcoat and skirt trimmings of passementerie; no bonnet, of course, as she was at home. Her Royal Highness bought from nearly every stall; her soft-voiced declaration, "I have forgotten my money, I have not a penny in my pocket," being promptly met by the stall-holders with—"We will put it down, Ma'am," or, as one audacious Countess said, "Very well, Ma'am; we must send in a little bill." Her Royal Highness's principal purchase was a full-sized coverlet of white hand-spun linen, embroidered all over with gold stars. I must give a little more news, next week, about this interesting display. Amongst those whom I noticed in the rooms were the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Manchester, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Countesses of Kilmorey, Caledon, Airlie, and Pembroke, Ladies Stanley of Alderley, Russell, Arthur Hill, Edward Cavendish, and many more.

"Drawingroom teas" are an amusing institution of London society, familiar, of course, to all who are in the course of fashionable life, but perhaps unfamiliar enough to many provincial readers to bear a few lines of description. These parties are simply afternoon receptions, to which ladies go upon leaving the Queen's Drawingroom, and show off their lovely robes to guests assembled to admire. Some ladies with a large circle of acquaintance will go in their Drawingroom dresses to ten or twelve such gatherings, staying only a few minutes at each—not pretending to really take any part in the social converse, but confessedly placing themselves on exhibition as models for the display of the dressmakers' art. The guest shakes hands with the hostess, admits or denies that she is tired or cold, says her husband is quite well—and then there comes from the hostess: "Now, dear Lady Smith-Jenkins, won't you let down your train and show us your gown? Do!" As Lady S.-J. has come for the express purpose, she complies with the request. The train is spread forth, and the assembled company survey it with only half-veiled stares of criticism, and with murmurs of polite compliment, or with personal comments, more or less open and direct, according to whether her Ladyship is familiar with most present or a comparative stranger to them. Perhaps the proud wearer of the robe walks a few times over the room, carrying her tail spread behind her, after the fashion of a peacock. In a very short time, however, she announces to her hostess that she must depart; her train is gathered up, and she re-enters her carriage and drives off, to go through the same performance elsewhere, while her place, as the object on exhibition, is taken by a fresh arrival. Tea and coffee and fancy sandwiches and cakes are on the dining-room table of each house, with wines on the sideboard.

Such is a "Drawingroom tea." One would suppose that, after the long and tiresome wait at the Palace, a lady would like to go home and get on her slippers and tea-gown as fast as possible, and lie down on the boudoir couch till dinner-time. One might also imagine that (although we do all in fact always dress to stand scrutiny) a lady would hardly like being palpably viewed as an exhibit, or, more correctly speaking, as the peripatetic block upon which a long gown is displayed. But then, on the other hand, when one has paid as much money for a single dress as would keep a poor family in comfort for a year—as much money as a working girl earns by toiling from morning till night, through the summer heats and the winter snows, for three whole years—and when one has had that costly robe merely folded in the lap or hung on the arm, and spread out, in passing through the Throne-room, for but some sixty or ninety seconds—well, perhaps it does seem as if it would be wasteful to go straight home in it. Perhaps sweeping it across the drawing-rooms of half-a-dozen friends is necessary to avert a feeling of dissatisfaction and a sense of squandering money for naught. At all events, Drawingroom teas grow more fashionable every season, and are decidedly interesting for the guests who go to see the gowns. I enjoyed myself very much at one after the last Drawingroom, where I saw ten ladies.

Two of their gowns were in white, besides those of two débutantes, which were white as a matter of course. One dress was of "mother of pearl" poult de soie, an exquisite soft fabric, which it seems hardly fair to call white, so full is it of shimmering shades of blue toning to silver as the light falls athwart its folds. Train and bodice were of this material; the train was edged round with billows of tulle, caught down here and there with bunches of shaded mauve auriculas, mingled with bows and ends of heliotrope ribbon; the petticoat was of white tulle draped loosely over white satin, with a bouquet of the same flowers near the waist, and long flots of ribbon falling thence to the feet. The other white dress had a bodice, and train from the shoulders, of a rich cream brocaded velvet, with corsage-trimming and petticoat of a wonderful Eastern embroidery, nearly all heavy gold; pale gold-coloured feathers trimming the train. The débutantes, two sisters, wore white faille bodices and trains, edged with ruches of tulle, and tulle petticoats, each with a garland of white wisteria passing across the front, beginning on one hip, descending nearly to the feet in the centre, and rising again to the other side of the waist. The most impressive dress was one of a gold brocade, the flowers being in gold thread on a white satin ground, the train a manteau du cour from the shoulders lined with pale yellow satin, and the bodice and petticoat of the same satin trimmed with marrowy crêpe to match. Another handsome gown was a petticoat of primrose tulle over white satin, draped with bouquets of primroses; and a bodice and train of primrose brocade, the corsage and the top of the train trimmed with large bunches and trails of primroses, and two or three big diamond butterflies mixed in. F. F.-M.

PARLIAMENTARY

JUBILEE THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

On Sunday, in celebration of the Jubilee of her Majesty's reign, the Speaker of the House of Commons, accompanied by more than four hundred members, went in State to St. Margaret's, Westminster, the "parish church" of the House of Commons. Members began to assemble in the House soon after ten o'clock. Before eleven, the Speaker entered, in his State robe of silk, richly barred with gold lace, and in a full-bottomed wig. A procession was formed, headed by the Speaker, the body of members four deep, Privy Councillors coming first. It traversed the lobby, the Central Hall, St. Stephen's Hall, and Westminster Hall. First came the House of Commons police, with Chief Inspector Denning and Inspector Horsley; then the Deputy and Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms and the Sergeant-at-Arms. The Speaker followed, attended by his train-bearers in Court dress; the Speaker's chaplain (the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng) and his secretary (Mr. E. Ponsonby). Next, walking four abreast, were Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Courtney (Chairman of Committees), Mr. Goschen, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Stanhope, and Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. Raikes, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir James Ferguson, and Lord Arthur Hill. Other Ministers and ex-Ministers joined in the procession. At the foot of the steps at the south end of Westminster Hall the Speaker was met by the clergy of St. Margaret's, with the silver mace, and the combined choirs of Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's, the Dean of Peterborough, the Westminster Queen's scholars, the town boys of Westminster School, the High Bailiff of Westminster, Canons Duckworth and Furse, Bishops of Sydney and Rupert's Land, the Dean of Westminster, preceded by his verger, with silver maces, Archdeacon Farrar and the Bishop of Ripon. The Queen's Westminster Volunteers (of whom Colonel Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., is commandant), lining Westminster Hall and the way to the church, gave a general salute, the bugles sounded, and the band of the regiment, which came next, played from Palace-yard to the entrance of St. Margaret's. A large crowd had gathered outside Palace-yard, and the Speaker and other well-known members of the House were repeatedly cheered. The route taken was through the central portion of Parliament-square to the west door of the church.

Within St. Margaret's Church, a large congregation assembled. Most of the space in the nave was set apart for the members and officers of the House of Commons, other privileged visitors being allotted places at the west end of the church or in the north and south aisles. The churchwardens, choristers, clergy, and prelates led the procession to meet the Speaker. Dr. Bridge was at the organ. Beethoven's march from the "Ruins of Athens" was played as the procession re-entered. The Speaker was ushered to the first pew on the south side of the centre aisle, where two of his predecessors in office—Lord Eversley and Lord Hampden—waited him. The First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Courtney, Lord Hartington, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, took their places in the same pew with the Speaker; on the opposite side Lord G. Hamilton, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. A. Balfour, Sir J. Ferguson, Mr. Raikes, and Mr. Mundella were in the first row. The Sergeant-at-Arms, clerks, and other officers were seated behind the Speaker, and above four hundred members occupied seats in the body of the church. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York had awaited the arrival of the procession in the chancel.

The National Anthem, with additional verses from Messrs. Skeffington's collection of Jubilee hymns, was sung; and the morning service of the Established Church was commenced, the Archbishop of York, Dean Bradley, Canon Duckworth, and Archdeacon Farrar taking part in it. In place of the "Venite" a special canticle was given; after the third collect Handel's Coronation Anthem was beautifully sung by the combined choirs. The chants were taken from the Westminster Chant Book, with the responses by Tallis; the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" were from Dr. Bridge's service in the key of G. Before the sermon a hymn, "For the priceless gifts," written by the Bishop of Ripon, set to music by Dr. Bridge, was sung. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Ripon, from the text, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm cxxxvii. 5. The offertory was collected on behalf of Westminster Hospital. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction. The "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by the combined choirs. The Speaker's procession re-formed and passed down the aisle to the west door; it returned through Parliament-square and Palace-yard to Westminster Hall.

A Jubilee service of the Queen's (Westminster) Volunteers was held in Westminster Hall; the Chaplain-General of the Forces (the Rev. J. Cox-Edghill) preached a sermon on patriotism and the duties of citizenship. Among the congregation were Lord Harris (Under-Secretary of State for War), Lord Brownlow, General Sir D. Lysons, Colonel Hope, V.C., General Bulwer, Admiral Sir Reginald Corbett, and many military and Volunteer officers.

JUBILEE NUMBER
OF THE
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THE Proprietors of the "Illustrated London News" have obtained her Majesty's gracious permission to reproduce Angel's famous full-length State Portrait of the Queen, painted last year, and now at Buckingham Palace. This beautiful Picture will be presented with the JUBILEE NUMBER of the "Illustrated London News," to be published in June. The Jubilee Memorial will include a carefully-written

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THE THEATRES.

Mr. H. B. Conway and Mr. William Farren must be more careful in casting their plays, or their season at the Strand Theatre will not be a very profitable one. The comedy writers of the latter part of the last century did not rely for their success upon the efforts of any one or two performers. They very properly preferred to make their plays true pictures of life as it existed in their day, and for this reason their works require good acting in each particular part. One actor of transcendent genius may occasionally carry a play to success, it is true. But such a work as "The Road to Ruin" does not call for the display of anything approaching to genius. All that it demands is adequate acting in each character. It cannot be contended that anything like this was given it in the Strand revival of Saturday last. The Goldfinch of Mr. Edward Righton was undeniably bad. On the other hand, nothing could have been better than Mr. William Farren's rendering of the elder Mr. Dornton. Mr. Farren was the hearty old gentleman, the fond, doting father, and the honourable man of business, to the life. He was quiet, effective, pathetic, and extremely natural. Mr. Conway, too, was a very admirable Harry Dornton—bright, agreeable, and good-looking; and his best scene was with Milford, in the fourth act; but he played extremely well throughout, despite the fact that he was obviously suffering from a trying affection of the throat. Another hit was made by Miss Florence Sutherland, whose ingenuous manner and nice appearance as Sophia won her the applause of the entire house. Miss Fanny Coleman was an excellent Widow Warren, Mr. H. Crisp made a good Mr. Sulky, and Mr. Robert Soutar was a capital Mr. Silky.

Miss Minnie Bell made her appearance at the handsome Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday afternoon last, in the triple rôle of singer, reciter, and actress. Miss Bell may also fairly claim that she was seen in a fourth character, that of writer, for did she not adapt a French play, in one act, which was then seen under the title of "Is Madame at Home?" This is a capital comedietta, which should be very popular in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room. An ordinary room will suffice for its scene, and its characters are only two—a young and pretty widow, and a dashing traveller, who is always at the beck and call of his friends. The gentleman invades the lady's boudoir by accident, and unwittingly assists her in accomplishing the dearest wish of her heart—her marriage to a backward lover. To relate the details of the story would be unfair; suffice it to say that the little play is neat, interesting, and gracefully written. Miss Bell acted very brightly in it, and Mr. Laurence Cautley would have rendered her better help than he did had he not been imperfect in his words. Miss Bell's singing, in a duet and a solo, and her pathetic delivery of a couple of recitations, in the earlier part of the entertainment, were vastly enjoyed.

Some four years ago a play called "Our Regiment," adapted by Mr. H. Hamilton from the German, was produced at a Vaudeville matinée. It proved a dreary, lugubrious work; but it was good and enjoyable in comparison to another adaptation from the same original, called "Peaceful War," brought out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. At the best, it is a silly, unfathomable piece; but, as acted by Miss Sophie Scotti and her lady companions, it was simply lamentable. It is a conglomeration of nonsense, a patchwork of imbecility. Mr. E. W. Gardner, Mr. Forbes Dawson, and other actors, did their best; but the ladies in the cast were beneath notice.

An entertainment was given in aid of the Shadwell Mothers' Hospital, at Lady Greville's house in Chesterfield-gardens, on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 24. When we mention that such artists as Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Norreys, Lady Arthur Hill, and Miss José Sherrington were among the ladies who kindly gave their services upon the occasion, it will be guessed that the dramatic and musical portion of the entertainment was of a first-class description. The veteran Mrs. Stirling appeared, we are glad to say, in the very best of health and spirits, and delivered two recitations with her usual point and vigour. Mr. Alec Marsh and Mr. George Power contributed songs; Mrs. Kendal gave a racy and delightful rendering of "The King," and good-naturedly yielded to the vociferous demand of her audience for another sample of her imitable elocutionary powers. Mr. George Giddens recited, as did pretty Mrs. Albery—the charming Miss Mary Moore whom we all remember; Mr. Geo. De Stern exhibited his rare powers as a violincellist to the delight of a discriminating audience; and Lady Monckton was announced for a recitation, but, unfortunately, was unable to keep her appointment. Each of the lady performers received a beautiful bouquet from the hostess at the conclusion of their contribution to the programme, Mrs. Kendal's being composed of lilies of the valley. The rooms were crowded with a fashionable audience.

Art decoration progresses. There is on view at Messrs. Johnstone, Norman, and Co., 67, New Bond-street, a beautiful pianoforte, made from the designs of Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., and adorned with an appropriate painting, "The Wandering Minstrels," by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.

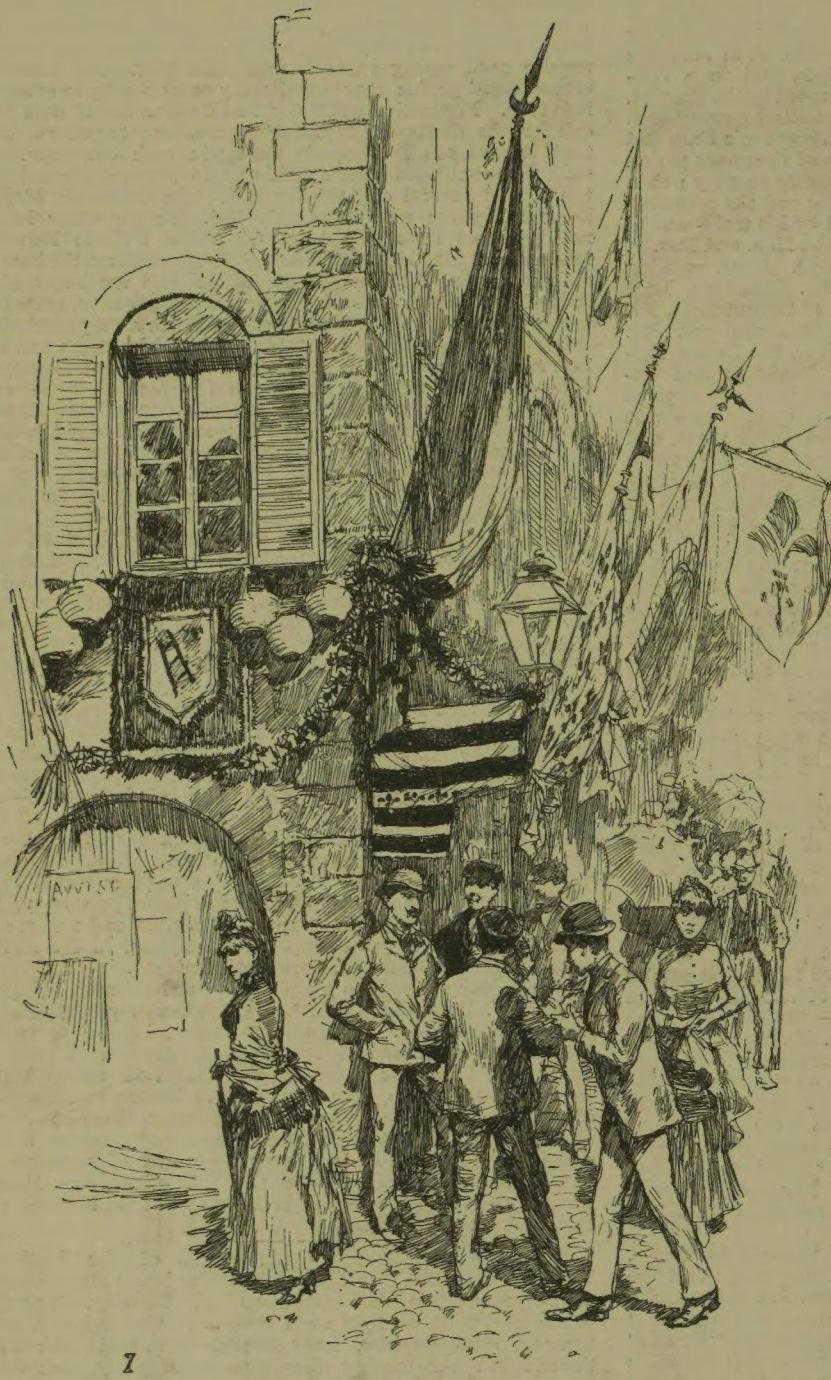
The New English Art Club was "at home" last Saturday at the Dudley Gallery, and regaled its friends with music and tea in addition to the choice collection of pictures which has been on view there for several weeks past. This society of young artists, which counts among its members several "coming men" of undoubted genius, has already made its mark in the world of art, and has shown that it is by no means disposed to be bound by the traditions of the past. In like manner it inaugurated on Saturday a most agreeable social innovation by substituting afternoon tea and music for the gas-heated atmosphere of the usual evening conversazione.

The report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the charges against the Corporation of London expresses the opinion that no proper supervision was maintained over the agents employed, and that much of the money which passed through their hands was used for improper and indefensible purposes. The Committee declare the system of subsidising so-called political associations, such as the Metropolitan Ratepayers' Protection Association, to have been improper on the part of a public body. The practice of placing corporate funds at the disposal of irresponsible and unknown persons was calculated to mislead Parliament by the appearance of an active and organised public opinion which might have no existence.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
MAY 28, 1887.

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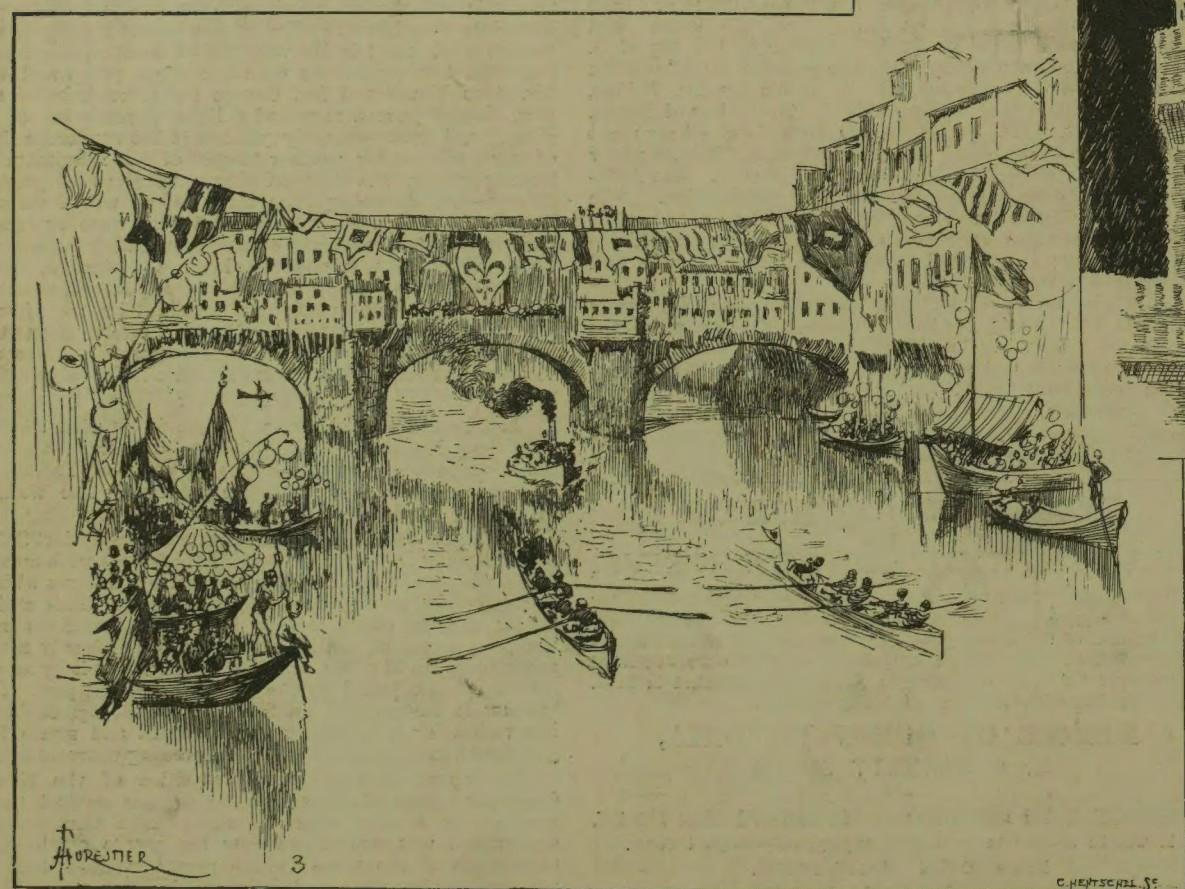
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4

AURESTIER

1. Corner of a Street en fete.

2. Historical Ball in the Sala del Cinquecento, Palazzo Vecchio.

3. Regatta on the Arno.

4. Tower of the Palazzo Vecchio Illuminated.

5. The Conte Verde (Amadeus of Savoy) in the Historical Procession.

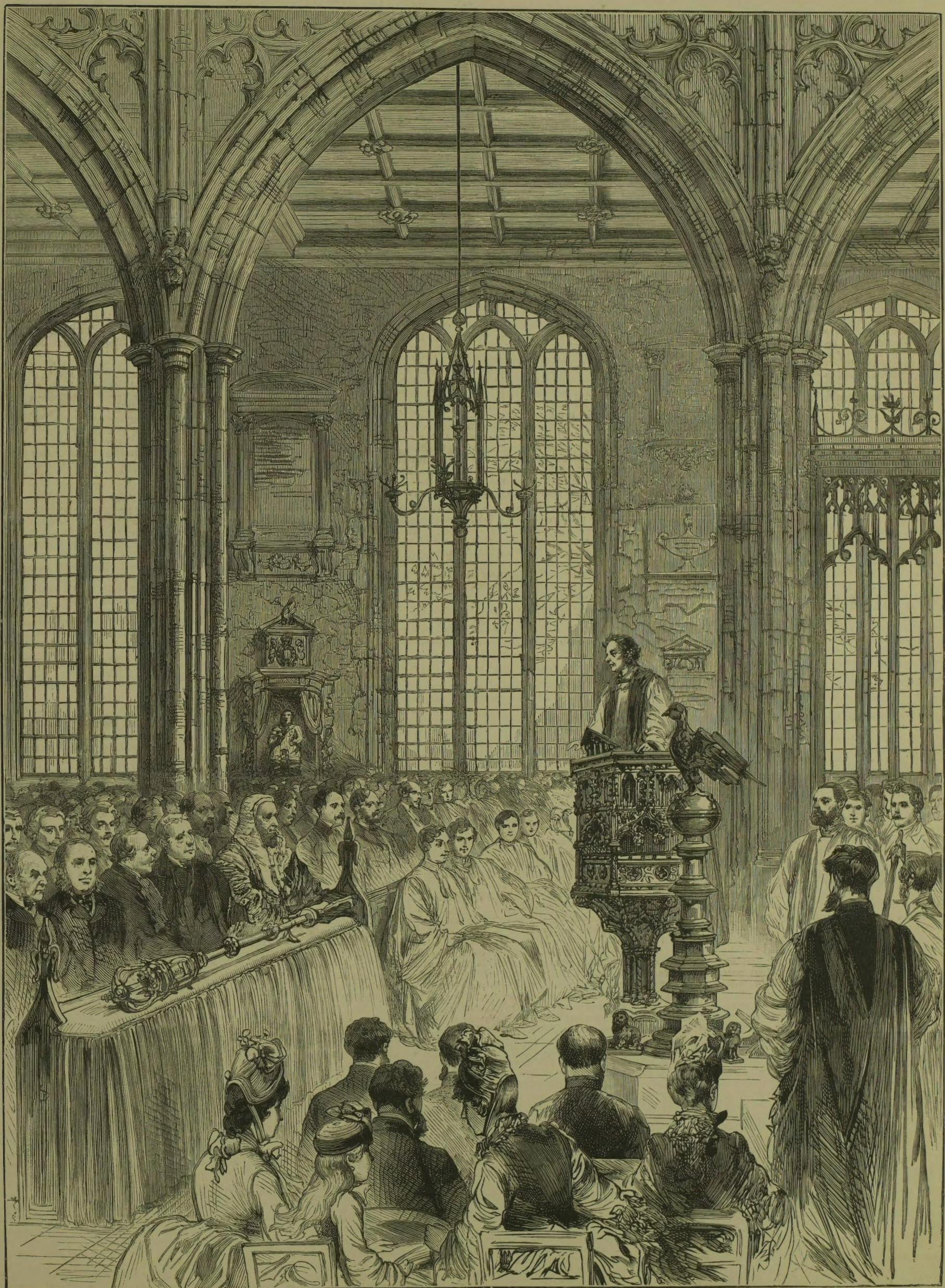
THE FESTIVALS AT FLORENCE.—FROM SKETCHES BY SIGNOR FABBI.

Godi, Firenze, poichè sei si grande! Not so grand at this day, but only a flourishing provincial city, after being five years the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, Florence, which was the centre of Italian civilisation in the Middle Ages and at the Renaissance period, has recently had a splendid series of public festivities. The unveiling of the new facade of the Duomo or Cathedral Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, completed after five centuries and more—the building was indeed commenced in 1298—was performed with ceremony by the King and Queen of Italy, on Thursday, the 12th inst. A solemn religious service took place in the Duomo that afternoon. The five hundredth anniversary of the birth of that gifted Florentine sculptor Donatello was celebrated, the day before

(Wednesday), with the laying of the foundation-stone of his monument at the Church of San Lorenzo, and the opening of an exhibition of his works at the Bargello. There was a regatta on the Arno; there were beautiful illuminations of the streets and public buildings; there was a grand costume ball in the Palazzo Vecchio; and on the 15th (Sunday) there was a very interesting historical procession to represent the entry into Florence of Amadeus VI., Count of Savoy, commonly called the Conte Verde, which took place in 1367. The official dignities of the ancient Florentine Republic were revived. The Captain of the People and the Podestà, with a hundred lances on horseback, went forth to meet the Count at the Porta alla Croce; and in the Piazza della Signoria he was received

by the Gonfaloniere and the Priori and the other high functionaries of the olden time.

The symbolic conception of the new front of Santa Maria del Fiore is—the Virgin Mother, to whom render homage the Old and New Testaments, the Church, Christian Civilisation, Italy, and particularly Florence. In the Central Tabernacle is the Madonna with the Infant Jesus; on her right are St. Peter, St. Andrew the brother of Peter, St. James, St. Philip, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthew; and on her left the rest of the Apostles. All these statues are by sculptors of eminence. The grand bas-reliefs over the principal door record several great events of the Christian era—the Gonfaloniere and the Priors of the Republic of Florence, who ordered the



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ATTENDING IN STATE THE JUBILEE SERVICE AT ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

construction of the Cathedral in 1296; Pope Calistus III., who sold the Pontifical jewels to carry on a war against the Turks, and who ordered the ringing of the "Angelus Domini" at dawn, at mid-day, and evening, so that the faithful might pray in the name of Mary; Christopher Columbus and his friend, Father Giovanni Perez di Marchena; St. Catherine of Siena, and Pope Pius V., who, favouring the war against the Turks carried on by Venice, obtained the help of the House of Savoy, which resulted in the victory of Lepanto. The lesser decorations of the front show the arms of the House of Savoy, of Pius IX., of the family of Lorraine, and of various citizens. "This new work," says our correspondent, "is as much a true finish to the original building as was Giotto's design in 1334, and infinitely more so than Buontalenti's of the sixteenth century, or the frescoed face that Graziani put to it in 1688, when Ferdinando de' Medici was married. In modern times, it has been a favourite subject for the talent of young architects to design facades to the Duomo. The first of these was by a young Roman named Silvestri in 1822; and the last and best of a long list was the present one, designed by De Fabris in 1864. Even this was chosen from a collection of forty-two designs, and received some modifications afterwards. De Fabris never saw the effect of his work completed; he died in 1883, and Signor Del Moro succeeded him, and received the honours of his office on the day of inauguration. As a collection of modern sculpture, nothing can be finer than the new facade. It is covered with shrines and saints with niches, and with statues, reliefs, and decorative sculpture, mosaics, and coloured marbles, as richly as any thirteenth century church ever was. Almost every artist in Florence has contributed a statue or relief, most of them working patriotically, and only charging for the marble and expenses. The archives of the 'Opera del Duomo' prove that the older artists were not so liberal, and that Donatello, Ghiberti, and others expected full remuneration. The great relief over the centre door—a Madonna and seraphs with the patrons of the church beneath—is a fine work by Professor Passaglia. It is curious to note the contrast between the mediæval conception of the subject and the entirely modern rendering of it. Mosaics by Professor Barabino fill the lunettes of the side doors. The grand pilasters which divide the front have tabernacles with statues of the four Popes and Bishops who have at different times given their benediction to the building. That of Eugene IV., by Professor Consani, is remarkably noble."

The King, the Queen, and the Prince of Naples, who wore his lieutenant's uniform, arrived at ten o'clock. The King wore a general's uniform, and the Queen a costume and bonnet of pearl-grey silk. The Royal canopy was placed against the Baptistry, immediately opposite the Cathedral. When all was ready, the Queen, by touching a little electric machine, gave the signal for the unveiling. The enormous curtains were then slowly lowered from above, and cheers burst forth again and again as the beautiful work stood fully revealed.

A solemn "Te Deum" was sung in the building at two o'clock. The King and Queen were received at the entrance by the Archbishop and the entire Chapter, and passed into the Church with them. The vast interior was thronged with an immense congregation. It was illuminated by three hundred lamps and ten thousand candles. All the historic plate and treasures were brought out for the occasion, and the altars literally blazed with riches. The ceremonial was performed by the Archbishop of Florence, assisted by several Bishops and Canons, attended by all the beneficed priests of the diocese.

In the regatta on the Arno, the rowing-boats from Leghorn won the principal prizes. In the evening, the whole of Florence was a fairy city of light. Of these illuminations, the great points were the Cathedral, the Piazza Cavour, the Piazza San Marco, and the Piazza della Signoria, where the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio rises aloft. The river Arno presented great attractions, for here a Venetian fête was held, with brilliant illuminations and fireworks; and the Society of Mandolin-players serenaded the Queen in her pavilion of State, on the banks of the river.

The Historical Procession had been fixed for Friday, the 13th, but was deferred on account of the rain. The Queen opened the flower-show at the Horticultural Gardens. Next day their Majesties opened the Exhibition of Building Materials: a rich show of Italian marbles, metals, metal-work, wood-carving, ceramic and plastic art. In the afternoon they were entertained with a grand concert, under the arches of the Uffizi Gallery, where a hundred ladies sang an ode of homage to Queen Margherita, and the fine band of the Società Orchestrale played in masterly style. In the evening there was the Historical Ball at the Palazzo Vecchio. Nothing could have been finer. In the Sala dei Cinquecento about 2000 persons were assembled, all—except the officially invited guests—in costumes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Representatives of Dante and Cimabue were among them. The members of the old families—such as Prince Strozzi, the Corsini and the Capponi, assumed the dresses of their famous ancestors. Among all the cloth of gold and brocade were several plainer citizens, in the quaint wimple or the red lucco of Dino Compagni's time.

The Historical Procession, on the Sunday, was carried out with great effect. As in days of old, so now, the palaces of nobles and citizens' houses were all in festal garb; coloured hangings fluttered from the windows, which were wreathed with flowers; and the banners of the "Sestieri" or the "Arti" waved at different points of the route. The Podestà and Captain of the People, with their trumpeters on horseback blowing long silver trumpets; the Gonfaloniere of the Guelph party, with the red eagle and green dragon on their banners, and the hundred lancers on horseback, in leather cuirasses and mailed greaves; the gentlemen of Florence, on horseback, and the Ambassadors of foreign States, with their suites; the Companies of the Arti, with their respective badges on green jerkins; and the Gonfaloni of the Quarters, leading the City Militia and the "Balestrieri," or cross-bow men, went forth to meet the Conte Verde, and his suite, at the Porta alla Croce. They escorted him to the Palazzo Vecchio, where the Gonfaloniere and the Signoria, in their crimson and ermine robes, awaited his coming on the Ringhiera, with the State notaries, the Buonomini, the eight Priors, and other officials. It was an interesting historical spectacle. The modern Royal family of Italy sat enthroned under the Loggia dei Lanzi, while the Signoria of the Republic occupied the Ringhiera in front of them. When the trumpeters had played the Royal march, the Gonfaloniere invited her Majesty to the tournament to be held in honour of her ancestor the Conte Verde, who stood before her in his green and gold, and his face revealed the features of her son, the Prince of Naples. These incidents seemed to bring together the days when the Duomo was begun and those when it was finished. Florence is still the same: for most of the characters in the pageant of this year were represented by men of the same name and race as those who might have been present there in 1367. The Conte Verde is still an Amadeus of Savoy; the Florentine gentlemen, many here probably wearing their ancestors' robes, are still Strozzi, Corsini, Ridolfi, Torrigiani, Pandolfini, and the like. This is a fact which it would be difficult to parallel in any other city except Rome.

THE "ALCESTIS" AT OXFORD.

The "Alcestis," which has recently been acted at Oxford by the members of the University Dramatic Society, is the earliest of the extant plays of Euripides. The plot turns upon the self-sacrifice of Alcestis to gain immortality for her husband, Admetus. Apollo, being well treated when he served as a mortal in the house of Admetus, obtained from the Fates for Admetus release from death, on condition that he should find a substitute. His wife Alcestis alone, when the time came, was found ready to lay down her life for him. The play opens with the departure of Apollo (Mr. Mackinnon) from the house of Admetus. On his way he is met by Death (Mr. Bourchier), whom Apollo strives in vain to dissuade from his purpose. Death enters the house, and the Chorus of Phœnix elders sing an ode of lamentation. A maid-servant (Mr. Davis) now comes out of the house and describes the farewell of Alcestis. The Chorus again lament the sorrows of the house, and pray for help to Apollo. Alcestis (Miss J. E. Harrison) enters with her children, Eumeus and Perimele (Mr. Whitelaw and Miss Walker), and with Admetus (Mr. Grahame). Then, after taking farewell of them, she sinks dying on the threshold of the house. The Chorus sing a requiem to the dead, "the noblest woman that ever crossed the pool of Acheron." Heracles (Mr. Mason) enters on his way to Thrace to carry off the horses of Diomed. Admetus, asked by him as to the cause of his sorrow, gives ambiguous answers, from motives of courtesy and hospitality, and prevails upon his guest to go and feast in the palace. On this, the Chorus sing the splendour and wealth of their king's house. Pheres (Mr. Marriott), the father of Admetus, now enters, and a scene of mutual reproaches ensues between him and his son, who refuses the funeral offerings because his father would not lay down his life for him. The act closes with the passing of the funeral procession across the stage, while a dirge is sung by the Chorus. The second act opens with a scene between Heracles and a man-servant (Mr. C. Disraeli), in which the former gradually learns the truth, and departs vowing to wrestle with Death for Alcestis. A scene follows, in which the Chorus endeavour to console Admetus, and sing an ode on the might of Necessity. Heracles returns, leading a veiled figure, the prize, he says, of a mighty struggle, whom he would leave with Admetus until his return from Thrace. Admetus is hardly persuaded to consent; but, when Heracles lifts the veil, he finds it is his own wife, Alcestis, come back from Hades, though for three days she must be speechless. Heracles then bids them farewell, and the Chorus sing an ode expressive of their joy.

Perhaps the only thoroughly sympathetic character in the play is that of Alcestis; and Miss Harrison certainly made the most of her opportunities. Both when Alcestis sees the ferry-man of the dead beckoning to her—

ὅρος δικωποί, ὥρα σκαφος,

and when she leaves her children in charge of Admetus, her acting produced a powerful impression. In the second act, her impersonation of the revived wife, as yet only half-awakened to life, was not less remarkable. Mr. Graham did what he could with the part of the despicable Admetus, who has only the virtue of hospitality to set against his selfishness. Mr. Mason, perhaps, hardly expressed sufficiently the chivalry that is mixed with the swagger of Heracles; and the scene between him and the serving-man was rather too much like a "set-to" between two Shakespearean clowns. The music for the choric odes was composed by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, organist of Christ Church; particularly striking were the dirges at the end of the first act and the stately triumph of the final ode.

THE LATE SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A.

Samuel Cousins, the son of poor parents, was born at Exeter, on May 9, 1801, and received his first education at one of the charity schools of that city. From an early age he showed a great aptitude for copying any drawings which came in his way. Some of his work having been shown to appreciative connoisseurs, he was advised to send to the Society of Arts, in London, a pencil copy of a head of Ben Jonson and another drawing, for which, at the age of twelve years, he was awarded two silver medals and a silver palette. With the help of his patrons, he was soon after sent to London, and was articled for seven years to S. W. Reynolds, the mezzotint engraver, whose assistant he became after the expiration of his indentures. It has been conjectured that many of the works issued during this latter period (1822-5), although bearing Reynolds' name, were executed wholly or in part by Cousins. His chief patron, however, had been his "county squire," Sir Thomas Acland, who, in 1825, entrusted Cousins with the picture Sir Thomas Lawrence had just finished, "Lady Acland and her Children." The young engraver succeeded so well that Lawrence at once commissioned him to engrave the famous "Master Lambton" (Lord Durham's son). His reputation as the chief engraver—after Reynolds' death—was at once recognised; and he continued for many years to reproduce Lawrence's chief works. In 1835 he was elected an Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy, being the highest honour then accessible to members of his branch of art, and this rank he held for nineteen years. During this period he engraved the principal works of Sir David Wilkie, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Charles Eastlake, Millais' "Order of Release," and many other noteworthy works; his performances ranging from Faed's "Mitherless Bairn" to Winterhalter's courtly portraits. In 1854, the Royal Academy (having elected Mr. Solomon Hart Professor of Painting) passed a bye-law by which engravers were rendered eligible for the full honours, and Mr. Cousins, in February, 1855, became the first recipient. By a coincidence worthy of notice it was in this year that the Royal Academicians were, for the first time, invited in their corporate capacity to dine at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor of the year being Sir F. Graham Moon, formerly a printseller, like his predecessor Alderman Boydell. Mr. Cousins was not content to rest with the success he had gained as an engraver, and, in 1870, he set himself to revive the then almost lost or abandoned process of mezzotint engraving. In 1870, taking advantage of the revival of the taste for the works of the old masters, he reproduced a number of Sir Joshua Reynolds' most popular works—"The Age of Innocence," "Penelope Boothby," "The Strawberry Girl," &c., all of which obtained immediate popularity. These were followed by mezzotints of some of Millais' child portraits, and up to within a twelvemonth of his death he was busy with fresh work. Naturally, in the course of his career he had amassed a large fortune; but his later success did not allow him to forget the struggle of his early years. A few years before his death he unostentatiously handed over to the Trustees of the Royal Academy £15,000 worth of securities to establish a fund for the benefit of aged and unsuccessful artists; while to the print-room of the British Museum he presented (in 1872) an almost entire set of his works, including private plates, and many of them in their various states. Cousins died on the 7th inst. at his house in Camber-square, where he had lived quietly and simply for many years, within two days of completing his eighty-sixth year.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, of Piccadilly.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1883) of Count Friedrich Ferdinand Beust, the eminent German statesman, late of Alt-nberg, in Austria, who died on Oct. 23 last, was proved in London on the 18th inst. by Ferdinand Krapf, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to £1723. The testator states that to make a will is a repulsive thing, and he thinks the simple expression in writing will be sufficient, inasmuch as his three children inherit in equal shares. His children are to secure to his good wife annually 15,000 marks, with which she can live in Dresden pleasantly and without care; and there are some directions to his children as to bequests to servants. He desires to be buried in the churchyard of Matzleinsdorf, near his old friend Könneritz, and that in the inscription over his grave, after his name and the dates of his birth and death, there be added the words, "Peace to his ashes, justice to his memory."

The will (dated March 18, 1886) of Dame Elizabeth Drysdale, late of No. 4, Harley-street, who died on the 5th ult., was proved on the 14th inst. by Edward Wicksteed Lane, M.D., and George Drysdale, M.D., the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £47,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to Mrs. Harriet Copland, the widow of her late son, William Copland, and £1000 to each of her children. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one-third each to her daughter, Mrs. Mary Lane, and her sons, Dr. George Drysdale and Dr. Charles Drysdale.

The will (dated July 28, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 20, 1887), of Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, Bart., J.P., D.L., late of Langley Park, Bucks, who died on March 23 last, was proved on the 17th inst. by Dame Magdalen Bredalane Harvey, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £147,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his wife; £19,000 to his son Charles Bateson; such sums as, with the amounts they are entitled to under settlements, will make up the portions of each of his daughters to £16,000; £50 to the Vicar of the parish of Langley Marish, to be distributed among the inmates of the Almhouses and the widows of the parish, in sums of not less than ten shillings and not exceeding £2; £25 to the Rector of Crowcombe, Somerset, to be distributed by him among the poor thereof, in sums not exceeding £2; £50 for distribution among the poor on his Irish estate, in sums not exceeding £2; the harriers, formerly belonging to the Prince of Wales, to the committee for the time being thereof, to dispose of as they shall decide; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, domestic, hunt, and other servants, labourers, and others. The residue of his personal estate and all his real estate he leaves absolutely to his eldest son, Robert Grenville, who has succeeded to the baronetcy.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1871), with a codicil (dated Dec. 17, 1877), of Samuel Addington, Esq., late of St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, who died on Feb. 16, 1886, has been proved in London by Luke Danby Addington and Oliver Beadle, the executors, under £70,000. The testator directs that his collection of pictures, drawings, works of art, furniture, prints, water colours, medals, and china, shall be sold at the auction rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods; and his books, collections of curious drawings by old masters, engravings, and autograph letters, at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's. He bequeaths to his servants living with him £10 each; to the three sons of his brother Peter £8000 each; to the daughter £2000; to the three children of his sister Ann £2000 each; to the four daughters of his brother Thomas £1000 each; to the seven children of his late wife's brother £1000 each, free of legacy duty; to the Ashley Down Orphanage £500. The residue he leaves to the children of his only surviving sister, Jane.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1882), with a codicil (dated Feb. 14, 1887), of Colonel Charles Townshend Wilson, late of No. 26, Bryanston-square, who died on Feb. 16 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Mrs. Georgina Wilson, the widow, Major-General Thomas Edmund Knox, C.B., and Henry Manisty, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £64,000. The testator gives £300 and his wines and liquors to his wife; he also gives her his residence in Bryanston-square, with the furniture and effects, for life; and there are some other legacies. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estate at Terryglassog, county Tyrone, he devises to his wife, for life, and at her death settles the same on his eldest daughter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, subject to the payment of annuities to his daughters on their respectively attaining twenty-one years, for his wife, for life, and then for his four daughters, in equal shares.

The will, with three codicils, of Mrs. Maria Newen, widow of the late George Newen, formerly of 1, Hyde Park-terrace, who died at 20, The Boltons, South Kensington, on March 25 last, was proved on the 19th ult., the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 each to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington) and £400 to the National Life-boat Institution, all which institutions received legacies under her late husband's will; £100 to the National London Temperance Hospital, £300 to the Cancer Hospital (Fulham), £100 to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent-road), and £50 each to the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood) and the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), all duty free. After making various other bequests, pecuniary and specific, she bequeathes the residue of her property, upon trusts, for the benefit of her nieces, Eliza Maria Newen and Lydia Newen, and their issue, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 5, 1882) of Mr. John Marsden, late of Whitebanks, Chesterfield, Derby, who died March 12, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Samuel Marsden, the brother, and William Henry Marsden, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £38,000. The testator gives the use of Whitebanks, for life, a legacy of £100, and an annuity of £400 to his wife; and a similar legacy and annuity to each of his daughters, Susanna and Anne; £3500 to his nephew, William Henry Marsden; £100 each to his executors; £100 to the Chesterfield and North Derbyshire Hospital and Dispensary; and the residue of his personal estate to his daughter's children in equal shares. All his real estate, including Whitebanks, on the death of his wife, he leaves to his daughters for their lives, and then to their children.

The will (dated April 26, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 4, 1885), of Miss Mary Ann Eliza Edington, late of Hendon Hall, Hendon, who died on Aug. 31 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Charles Frederick Hancock, jun., the nephew, and Herbert Fleming Baxter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000.

In the report of the will of the Right Hon. Mary Eliza, Countess of Harborough, in our issue of the 7th inst., "July 18th" should read "July 1st"; "the Rev. Peter Freeland Gorst"; "Eliza Williams" should read "Mary Eliza, wife of William James Malet Temple-Barrow"; and "Mrs. Temple" should read "Mrs. Temple-Barrow."

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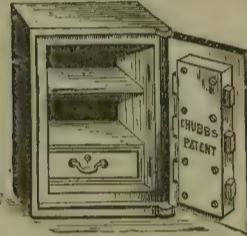
It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at **3s. 6d.** per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER" in stock, and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of the United Kingdom.

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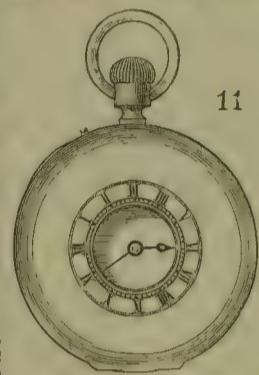
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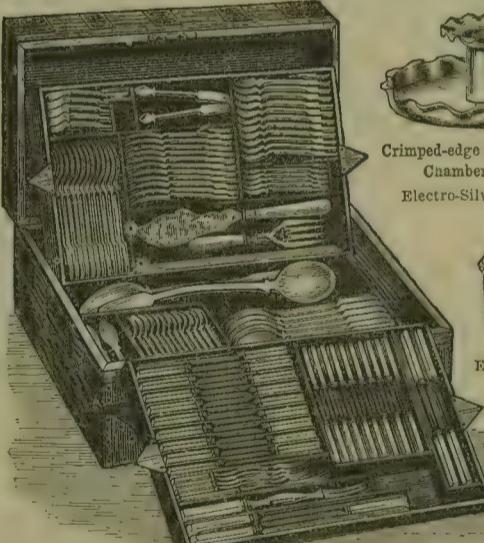


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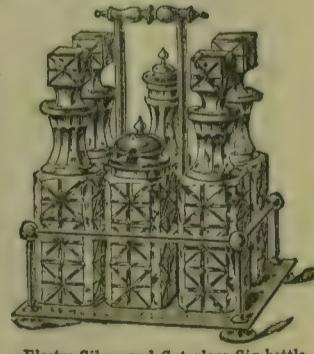
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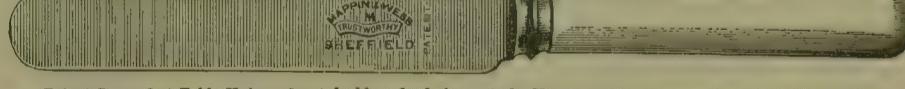
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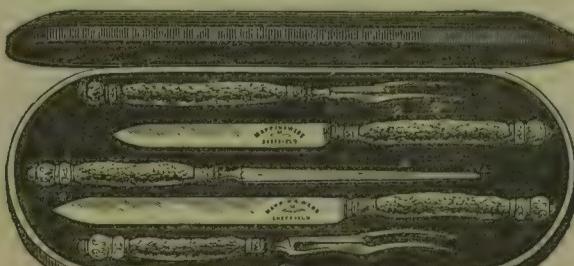
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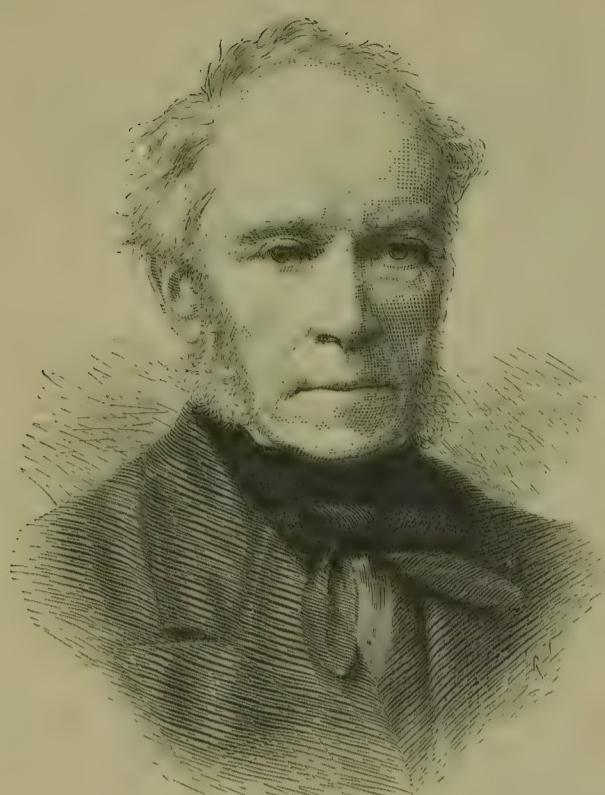


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THE LATE MR. SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A.

ADULT DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, LIVERPOOL,
OPENED BY PRINCESS LOUISE.

MR. ELLIS LEVER, OF MANCHESTER.

LIVERPOOL DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE.

On Monday week, before opening the Liverpool Jubilee Exhibition, Princess Louise, with the Marquis of Lorne, performed another ceremony of the same kind on behalf of the Institute for the Adult Deaf and Dumb. The new building, of which we give an illustration, stands in the centre of a large open space at the junction of three roads, Prince's-avenue, Selborne-street, and Park-way, a site obtained through Sir David Radcliffe, the Mayor of last year, who was president of the building committee, and who laid the foundation-stone in April last year. The architect is Mr. E. H. Banner, one of the trustees of the institution. It is a handsome example of the early Gothic style, but has been constructed without excessive cost, by means of picturesque grouping and graceful treatment of inexpensive materials. With the repetition demanded by an octagon building, ornamentation could be obtained at a comparatively small cost by using terra-cotta. The site was of a most awkward shape to deal with, but the difficulties presented

have been ingeniously overcome by the architect. The ground-floor is the part for secular or daily occupation. It embraces lecture-room, reading-room, library, coffee-rooms, and gymnasium, with suitable office attached. The upper floor will, when licensed by the Bishop, be the chapel, which has a separate entrance in Prince's-road, with a fine Gothic staircase, to be used on Sundays, giving accommodation to about 250 worshippers. The building is constructed of red Ruabon brick, with terra-cotta to match, and roofed with red tiles.

The greatest piece of rock-blasting ever yet undertaken was successfully accomplished on Saturday at the Llanberis Quarries, below Snowdon. Four hundred thousand tons of rock had to be removed. A tunnel 118 ft. long was driven into the base of the rock. This branched out into six deep chambers, each terminating in a shaft. Explosive gelatine was built into these shafts, and a fuse arranged so that all could be exploded at the same instant. Thirty-six hundredweight of gelatine, equal to 20 tons of gunpowder, was used.

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

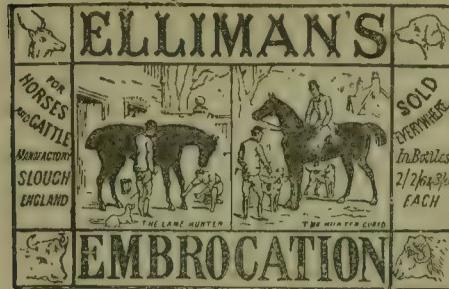
Having described the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester, recently opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, it is fair to mention, adding to the names of those who have had a creditable share in this enterprise, another public-spirited gentleman who has, upon many occasions, shown his zeal for projects useful to the community. Mr. Ellis Lever, six years ago, published a pamphlet and prospectus giving the idea of a local Exhibition of Arts and Industry, even more comprehensive in its scope than that which has been realised. He also took steps, as our readers may perhaps recollect, towards procuring the acquisition of Manley Park, a beautiful pleasure-ground with a mansion at Brooks's Bar, two or three miles south of Manchester, for purposes of public recreation; and he was active in the movement for the establishment of a public Art Gallery. Being largely interested in collieries, Mr. Lever has frequently advocated measures for the benefit of the men employed in that kind of labour, and his letters in the *Times* upon topics of a similar character have seldom failed to gain attention.



THE NEWCASTLE EXHIBITION: STREET VIEW OF THE OLD TYNE BRIDGE.



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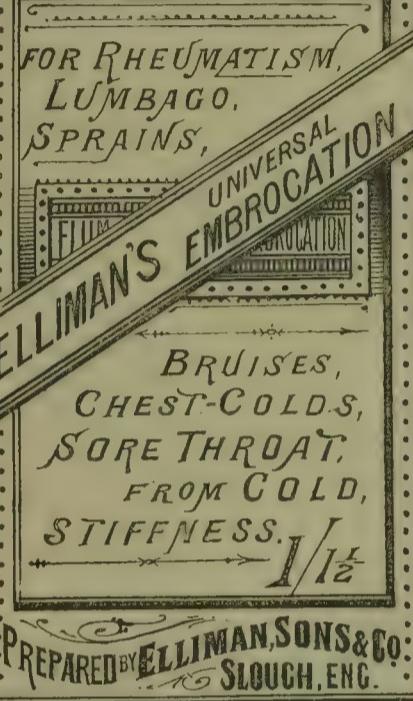
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FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND-GALLS,
FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.
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FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS.
FOR FOOT ROT, AND SORE MOUTHS IN SHEEP AND LAMBS.
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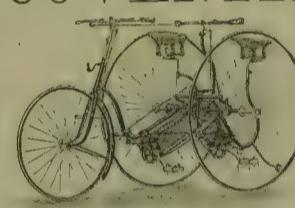
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CONCLUDING NOTICE.

GALLERY VIII.—In this room will be found one of the half-dozen best pictures of the year—Mr. Henry Moore's "The Clearness after Rain" (659). The materials employed are simple enough—a blue sky, across which a bright cloud is lying; a sea, in which the cloud is reflected, and of which the colours vary from deep blue to dark green without any indication of where one tint replaces the other, unless it be from the heaving and falling of the waves, which are still sensible upon the canvas. Mr. Moore, too, obtains his breadth and uniformity of motion by honest work—by brush and knife—without any sacrifice of that infinite variety of details which makes the sea at all times and under all conditions so absorbing and so satisfying to the eye. Only a little less noteworthy is Mr. Herkomer's landscape, to which he has given the name of "The First-born" (647)—a workman's wife, carrying her baby, coming to meet her husband as he is returning home. The scene is probably laid in the neighbourhood of Bushey; and whilst the sentiment of the picture recalls Fred. Walker, the colour, strong and bright, is altogether that of Herkomer himself. Mr. William Carter's portrait of Lady Milbank (664)—a grey-haired lady in black velvet—is a decidedly successful portrait, in spite of the smoothness of the face; and Mr. Waller's "Challenge" (654), whilst it tells its own story with the artist's usual directness, has more pathos than he generally infuses into his last-century groups. Here it is the emissary of some roysterer or defeated rival who has found out the quiet home of the young squire, whose past was probably less peaceful than his present lot. For some reason a quarrel has been made which the young husband and father is in honour bound to take up; his wife, nursing their baby, standing on the steps of the old house, is ignorant of the object of the horseman's visit. Mr. Waller's picture will bear comparison with an equally tender bit of Italian life, "La sua Festa" (665)—a young mother, and probably a widow, coming out of the church where she has been celebrating the fête of all that is left to her—a pretty picture, but wanting in shadow to give it strength. Mr. Joseph Farquharson is once more back among the sheep in his "Summer Days" (670), with the red heather in somewhat strong contrast with the excess of blue which pervades the rest of the picture. As a rendering of atmospheric effect, it is nevertheless exceedingly interesting and skilful; and we may trust the artist that his eye has not deceived him. Mr. Allan J. Hook, on the other hand, doubtless for filial reasons, goes to the other extreme in "A Free Harbour" (653), in which green predominates in sky, earth, and water, to the detriment of all other colours. Mr. W. M. Wyllie is more successful in rendering the rich tones of the water in "Belle Grève Bay" (672), one of the most delightful spots in Guernsey; and in connection with it we may mention Mr. R. Short's "St. David's Head" (675) and Mr. E. S. Harper's "Ho! ho! the breakers roared" (679). Probably it is not without motive that Mr. Long's portrait of Cardinal Manning (680)—deprived of much of his strength of character—is placed in close proximity to Mr. E. Armitage's huge design for a fresco having for subject the "Institution of the Franciscan Order" (681), of which the hard outlines and conventional grouping destroy all life and biding interest in the event portrayed. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A. (683), will, it is hoped, be preserved for the public. It is very simple in treatment, representing the artist, in a shooting-coat, seated against a perfectly plain background—a capital portrait, in which the surface likeness is no less well rendered than the keen observant powers of the sitter are suggested. Mr. T. Graham has very nearly achieved a great success in his Gretchen study of a girl at the village pump (695); but it is too dramatic, or rather, scenic, to tell the tale of a village belle with simplicity. Mr. Clayton Adams's "Evening Reflection" (696) and Mr. Sherwood Calvert's "Lingered Light" (702) are both clever, but somewhat French in treatment. Of Mr. Savage Cooper's "Bride of Spring" (706) we have already spoken; its chief drawback is the unnecessary child-like face of the flower-crowned bride. Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Latest Scandal" (701) and Mr. Herbert Gandy's "Rescue" (714) are both full of dramatic interest: the former a scene in a Cocoa-house, and the latter that of a woman carrying off her wounded husband or lover to some place of safety among the forest trees. Mr. John Collier's "Incantation" (716) is presumably only an Academic study after the manner of the late Francis Hilton, Fuseli, or some such artists of old time. It represents a nude figure, whose carefully-tressed hair is crowned with ivy-leaves, pouring from a flask into a cauldron. Her whole figure is in strong light, though whence obtained does not appear, nor the reason why no other portion of the picture shares a like privilege. The modelling of the figure is excellent; but beyond that the picture has few elements of interest.

GALLERY IX.—It is apparently the intention of the Council to devote this room exclusively to pictures of cabinet size, and the result, although advantageous to the artists, is somewhat exhausting to the public. It is scarcely possible, therefore, to indicate more than a few of the most striking works on the walls; many of which, however, are of great interest and value. To begin with Mr. W. Logsdail's two studies of London street-life, "The Bank" (723) and "St. Paul's" (846), one cannot help remembering that the former has been already done, and with more movement and *brio*, by M. De Nittis; whilst the view of Ludgate-hill, looking up to St. Paul's, was Mr. Herbert Marshall's most successful work. Mr. Logsdail follows the lead of the former artist; but even in the rendering of the full blaze of light falling on the background, he fails to equal his master's realism. It is unknown to us whether Mr. Logsdail, like M. De Nittis, painted his picture in a four-wheeled cab, which, to comply with police directions, had to move on after a while, and then returned to its standpoint. At all events, foot-travellers will scarcely recognise the point of sight whence the walls of the Bank look so high in proportion with surrounding objects. That these small easel pictures have attractions even for distinguished artists is proved by such pleasant contributions as Sir F. Leighton's "Fair-Haired Girl" (833) in profile; Mr. George Leslie's "This is the way we wash our clothes" (859), a delightful child-study (produced in our Number of the 7th inst.); Mr. J. C. Hook's "Searching for Crab-holes" (772); Mr. T. Faed's "School Board at Home" (762); Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Arithmetic" (800), which, however, recalls somewhat too vividly a previously exhibited reminiscence of the Red Maids' school at Bristol; by Mr. Stacy Marks' "Old Tortoise" (804), and many others. Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Marooned" (839) is a more important work, representing a lady (his wife) in a yellow canoe, under a pink sunshade, in the full blaze of light. The figure of the lady on the shore is equally brightly illuminated, but the effect produced is more remarkable than pleasing. We should also call attention to Mr. Vincenzo Cabianca's "Melancholy" (720), which, though sombre, is not tragic in tone; to Mr. Mathew Hale's "Garland Maker" (750), Mr. G. Glindoni's "Many a Slip 'twixt Cup and Lip" (789), Miss F. Armstrong's "Suspense" (803), Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Convicts at Work" (807), Mr. W. Trood's "Dinner Time" (828), Miss Elizabeth Guinness's very

creditable portrait of Miss Lethbridge (842), and Mr. Blair Leighton's "Literary Lover" (885) which for humour and painting is equally commendable. The weariness and disappointment of the lady, as contrasted with the satisfaction of the youthful author, is excellent; and the management of the light streaming through the casement is as good as anything Mr. Abbey has done in the same style.

GALLERY X.—M. Carolus Duran's portrait of la Vicomtesse Greffulhe (904) might teach many of our artists economy in the use of paint, if they were unwilling to learn the deeper mysteries of their craft from a foreigner. The charm of a work like this is in the painter's eye for beauty, and in the facility with which he transfers to canvas a graceful ideal of his model. We can trace his teaching in the works of his pupils, Messrs. Sargent and John Collier; and at the same time can see the very different account to which they have turned it. M. Fantin has also a fairly good portrait (919) of a gentleman; but both picture and model are without any distinctive features. The two best portraits of ladies in the room, Miss Florrie Davis (959), by Mr. Markham Skipworth, and Mrs. Nicholls (966), by Mr. J. J. Shannon, are both of them excellent in colour and pose. In seapieces, also, this room is especially strong, and amongst them Mr. John Fraser's, of the "Hollow Ocean's Ridge" (950), deserves much praise for the drawing, although the colour is a trifle grey and wanting in the movement required by such a scene. Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Harvest Moon" (907) is singularly beautiful and simple in its treatment of the two long waves heaving under the large moon which is rising above their crests; and Mr. Wyllie's "In the Wind's Teeth" (967) is a good specimen of the noisy, boisterous life on the river, of which he has made himself the chief illustrator. Here we have a string of barges being tugged through a stormy reach by a puffing, energetic little steamer, which has much to do to keep its satellites in movement against wind and tide. Of the landscapes, Mr. Fred. Jackson's "On the Seine" (897), with its reeds and water in the foreground, and its pleasant *côteaux* sprinkled with houses in the back, a sunny picture full of country life and incident, is the most noteworthy. Among the subject pictures, Mr. William Small's "Last Match" (945), illustrative of the troubles of a smoker in a solitary road, displays both humour and good work: but Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Idlesse" (927), a child playing with gold-fish in a bowl, and Mr. Leghe Suthers's "La Mascotte" (935), a girl driving a flock of turkeys, are more interesting from a pictorial point. We should also mention the "Gleaners' Camp-fire" (948), by Mr. W. Padgett; "Arran" (908), from the Kyles of Bute, by Mr. W. Ratray; and, in spite of the flatness of the figures, Mr. Audley Mackworth's "Christ Calming the Sea" (891), in which the treatment of moonlight is very natural.

GALLERY XI.—It speaks well for this year's Exhibition to find that even in this last room the supply of really good and interesting work shows no falling off. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Beneath Blue Skies" (990) is, perhaps, so far as the painting of the sea goes, the best of his over-bright works—which are all equally wanting in atmosphere and aerial perspective. On the other hand, Mr. Adrian Stokes, in his "February Afternoon" (985), almost errs in the opposite extreme. One can feel as well as see the storm blowing across the waste of reeds and rank grass, and can almost hear the wind as it whistles through the branches of the bending trees. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Old Tree" (1030), Mr. Joseph Farquharson's "Under the Palm-trees" (1040), and Mr. C. H. Macartney's "Silver Sea" (1020), are all deserving of something more than a passing glance. Amongst the portraits, those of Mr. Leonard Courtney (977), by Mr. W. Carter; of Mr. Hambro (983), by M. Carolus Duran; of Mr. H. M. Stanley (994), by Mr. Herkomer; of Lord Stalbridge (989) (better known as Lord Richard Grosvenor), by Mr. F. Holl; and of Sir P. Lumsden (1041), by Mr. George Reid, will attract attention as much from interest in the originals as by the excellence of the paintings. In simple figure subjects, Mr. W. Lomas's "Orange-Girl" (975) fulfils most, if not all, of the conditions of a successful work. It is simple in composition, harmonious in colour, and truthful as a study of every-day life on the Riviera. The girl, who is comely enough without losing any of the true peasant type, is standing with a basket of oranges on her head, and a tempting, well-laden branch in her hand. Her simple dress shows off the golden fruit to her advantage; whilst behind, and through the balustrade against which she is standing, we get a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean. Miss Henrietta Rae's "Naiad" (1016) and M. Eugène De Blaas' "Venetian Fruiteseller" (1011) are in their respective ways clever studies, but without much individual mark. Miss Alice Havers, in her more ambitious work, "Going to Town" (1024), seems to have thrown to the winds all sense of probability; for young ladies most anxious to see life would scarcely be permitted to start on their journey in such slender and delicate costume. Were it not for the presence of her family under the trees, and the patience with which all are awaiting the arrival of the stagecoach, one might suppose the young lady was eloping in the midst of a ball. Mr. Henry Gore's "By Unfrequented Ways" (1042) is a pleasant bit of country life—pleasant in colour; and of Mr. H. Schmalz's "Widowed" (1031)—an important imaginative work—we spoke at length in our first article.

To the contents of the remaining rooms we can allude only in very general terms. The Water Colours, of which there are nearly three hundred, comprise some of great excellence, and many more of great promise; and one wonders on what ground they should be exhibited by a body which makes no recognition of this art. That Messrs. Erskine Nicol, Waterhouse, and Frank Dicksee should contribute is natural, for they have already reaped the reward of their labour elsewhere; but this does not apply to the good work sent by Messrs. Hardy, Muckley, Hime, Robert Fraser, &c., amongst the men, and Misses Anna Alma Tadema, Hilda Montalba, Mand Naftel, among the ladies, all of whom send works which deserve greater appreciation than we fear they are likely to obtain at Burlington House. Miniature painting appears to be rising into favour once more, under the influence of Messrs. Turrell and R. Henderson and Miss Tekusch. In black-and-white, Mr. R. Macbeth, Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. F. Slocombe, &c., contribute etchings of known works of great beauty; but, as a rule, the original drawings are of a little interest.

The sculpture of the year is not of a very high order, if we except some half-dozen works like Mr. Onslow Ford's statuette of "Peace" (1914), Mr. Nelson McLean's "Tragedy" (1908), Mr. Bates' "Story of Psyche" (1854-6), and Mr. Gilbert's "Black Care" (1819). We have already described Mr. Thorneycroft's design for the Gordon Memorial, to be placed in Trafalgar-square, a work which will, we hope, do something to raise the reputation of our public statues. The only other important work is Mr. Boehm's "Bull and Herdsman" (1798), in the Central Hall. In these days of "unconscious plagiarism" it is dangerous, perhaps, to suggest how much this work recalls in its broader lines a similar subject by the Belgian sculptor Mignon. His "Bull and Herdsman," after being exhibited some six years ago at Brussels, now adorns the Square Cockerill at Liège, and visitors to that ancient and pleasant city in the course of the summer will be able to judge for themselves how far it recalls to them Mr. Boehm's work at Burlington House.

NEW BOOKS.

A Modern Zoroastrian. By S. Laing, Author of "Modern Science and Modern Thought" (F. V. White and Co.).—A veteran in public business, who has been an active member of Parliament, Finance Minister for India, Secretary to the Treasury, and Chairman of Railway Companies, Mr. Laing retains his vigorous interest in philosophical studies. The startling title which he has chosen for the school of thought whose fundamental ideas might be found set forth in these essays can readily be explained. He does not want us to believe, with the ancient Persians, in two Gods, "Ormuzd" the Good One, and "Ahriman" the Evil One; but he finds in the universe a dual action of every form of energy. There is action, with equal contrary reaction, in mechanics; attraction and repulsion of molecules and atoms, in chemistry; polarity, in electricity or magnetism; and this principle, or law, he would extend to organic structures and processes in the facts of vegetable and animal physiology and to psychology and social science. Here is a far reach of speculation, not less comprehensively synthetic than the system of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but there will always be readers, or persons refusing to read, who will say that "there are more things in heaven and earth" than are dreamt of in either philosophy. This exception to every system of the universe is not unlikely; but some of the things noticed by Mr. Laing, who is a mathematician and logician of Cambridge training and has mastered the essential results of physical inquiry, may prove serviceable to analogical views of life, and even of ethics and politics. Philosophical fancy, however, indulges itself rather too easily, just now, upon such lines of the presumed universal applicability of the laws of matter to mental and spiritual existence. Mr. Laing is apparently no metaphysician, and no very profound psychologist. He is conscious of possessing "a certain faculty of lucid condensation," which he applies to the branches of knowledge that he has studied; but we remain far from being convinced of the truth of his synthesis. Indeed, we cannot go with him in many of the steps towards it; failing to see, for example, that the opposition between plant-nature and animal-nature, or the opposition of male to female, or the opposing tendencies of heredity and variation in races or species, have anything to do with magnetic polarity. Nevertheless, our British Zoroastrian has written an ingenious and not wholly useless book, which some Parsees of Bombay, the authentic representatives of Zoroaster's teaching, may in these days of Indian enlightenment be willing to peruse; and so may those of his own countrymen who wish to comprehend the mighty whole.

Common-Sense Socialism. By N. Kempner (Swan Sonnenchein, Lowrey, and Co.).—The author of this volume, deprecating Communism as a needless reversal of social ideas and habits, as he considers it still possible to improve the condition of mankind on the basis of private property, recommends certain legislative measures. His aim is, first, to check "illegitimate" means of accumulation, by which he particularly intends excessive commercial speculation, the unfair manipulation of markets, and the extortion of "undeserved profits" from operations where the labour employed does not obtain its sufficient reward. So he would put a tax on speculative trading, and would impose strict regulations to keep the use of machine-power in due proportion to the employment of hands, with a limitation of working time. He rejects the proposal of a graduated income tax or property tax, but would limit the powers of gift and bequest, as well as the rights of inheritance, and would create a certain amount of unsaleable real estate. There should be a tax on all land, whether in cultivation, or withheld from cultivation by the will of the owner; and the community should have the right of compulsory fair purchase of any land required for purposes of public utility. These reforms, in Mr. Kempner's opinion, would bring about a more reasonable and beneficial distribution of wealth. His arguments for their adoption, both upon economic and moral grounds, are presented with candour and temperance, in a somewhat professorial tone, but seem remote from practical politics at the present day. It is a book that cannot do any harm, and may possibly even do a little good, by showing that such wild dreams as "the nationalisation of the land," and the application of State capital to the organisation of industry, are not the only plausible attempts to solve the problem of our time.

In Russian and French Prisons. By Prince Kropotkin (Ward and Downey).—Though nearly two-thirds of this volume are narrative or descriptive in form, the author's well-known Socialist and humanitarian way of thinking is still predominant, and his views of penal legislation, of anthropology, and of ethics, are again set forth. They are eminently unpractical. He is a very respectable Russian political exile, who, since he left his own country, where he suffered, like many others, for opposition to the Czar's despotic rule, has unfortunately been made amenable, under the French Republican Government, to severe punishment for co-operating, we will not say conspiring, with the Communist faction in France. Prince Kropotkin, however, as a philanthropic theorist who conceives it his mission to denounce all coercive methods of keeping order in civilised States, ought not to have been treated as a public enemy, or as a very dangerous man. In 1862, being then a young Lieutenant of Cossacks stationed at Irkutsk, he was secretary for some months to a committee of local officials for the reform of prison discipline. In 1874, after three months' preliminary confinement in the House of Detention at St. Petersburg, he was consigned to the best cell in the Trubetskoi bastion of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where he spent a little over two years in studious solitude, writing his scientific book on the Glacial Epoch. The apartment was spacious, the floor and walls lined with felt; there was a stove; the food was not bad; he was often visited by his friends, was allowed the use of books, paper, and tobacco, and could walk in the open air twice a week. It is not, therefore, upon the ground of his own extreme personal sufferings, however unjust might be his sentence, that he frames this terrible indictment of cruelty against the Russian Administration. He borrows from "Stepniak," whose books have appeared in English, and from writers in various magazines and newspapers, a great deal of shocking descriptive anecdote, much of which belongs to a former period, while some of it cannot at this time be readily tested by authentic reports. There can be no doubt that in the management of prisons, as in other administrative departments, the Russian Government service is beset with many gross abuses; but Russia is at least a century behind the other European States in all the institutions of civilisation. A hundred years ago, when John Howard was engaged in his benevolent mission, the prisons of England were as bad as they could be; and just fifty years ago there was the exposure of infamous atrocities in the British penal settlements of Norfolk Island and Van Diemen's Land, which were far worse than anything we have ever heard of those in Siberia. The personal veracity of Prince Kropotkin is not impugned by scepticism with regard to a considerable portion of the statements which are here gathered from Nihilist writings, and from anonymous correspondents hostile to the Russian Empire. We should hardly like American public opinion to accept without question the testimony of

O'Donovan Rossa upon the treatment of Fenian conspirators arrested in Ireland. It is difficult, from their accounts, to discriminate in all cases between those who prefer to call themselves political martyrs, who would claim exemption from every personal hardship, and the common malefactors whose plots of murder, dynamite outrage, or incendiarism, are prompted by motives of private revenge or plunder. Only a very small proportion of the inmates of prisons in Russia, or of those sent to undergo a term of regulated penal servitude in Siberia—one of the healthiest regions on earth, much resembling in its physical conditions the North-west Territories of Canada—belong to the class of political offenders. An English clergyman, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, formerly an accredited agent of the Religious Tract Society, who, in 1879, being already conversant with British and foreign prison management, travelled all over Siberia, minutely inspecting every detail of the system, has given us a correct account of it. The readers of those two interesting volumes entitled "Through Siberia" (published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. in 1882) will be prepared to estimate Prince Kropotkin's compilation of partisan reports and unverified rumours at its proper value. A very slender and feeble attempt here made by Prince Kropotkin to discredit the testimony of Mr. Lansdell, does not affect our judgment. Prince Kropotkin has long been an exile from his own country, and has probably not had any recent opportunity of ascertaining by direct observation the effect of improvements actually begun in the latter part of the reign of Alexander II. His French experiences of 1883, in the St. Paul prison at Lyons and in the Maison Centrale of Clairvaux, where he was treated pretty much like a "first-class misdeemeanant" in an English prison, have tended to confirm in his mind a certain philosophical opinion. "Are prisons necessary?" asks Prince Kropotkin in his concluding chapters. Has imprisonment a salutary moral influence on the prisoner? If there be a limited number of persons whose "anti-social passions" may be dangerous to the community, ought they to be locked up? To these questions he replies in the negative. *O sancta simplicitas!*—they ought to be cured, he says, "by liberty and fraternal care."

Tchay and Chianti; or, Wanderings in Russia and Italy. By W. St. Clair Baddeley (Sampson Low and Co.).—The Russians, who drink tea with a slice of lemon and no milk in it, call that beverage "Tchay." "Chianti," a local appellation, is bestowed on a sound and wholesome wine of Tuscany. Mr. Baddeley need not apologise for putting together, in one small volume, his agreeable notes of brief tours in two countries so extremely different. The explanation is manifest: he had not enough material for a separate volume upon either topic, because he is a concise, pithy, and sensible writer, averse to filling many pages—except at Moscow—with long accounts of things already known to the general reader. It is rather ingenious of him to seek an apparent link of connection between Russia and Italy in the old walls at Moscow that were built in the fourteenth century by Veronese architects of Ivan III. We will dispense with that and any other conceivable link; for we can enjoy, without reference to Italy, his descriptions of the Russian wild woodland scenery, not far from St. Petersburg, beautiful in early summer—with nightingales singing there—of the forests, lakes, cataracts, swamps, and mossy crags of Finland, with its honest and laborious people—of the splendours of the Kremlin at Moscow, which bear describing many times over—and of an old rural palace of the Grand Dukes in Courland. He was accompanied by one well acquainted with Russia—the *Standard* special correspondent. Leaving alone the famous sights of Moscow, which certainly cannot be regarded as a novel subject, we relish in his "Tchay" the flavour of fresh interest; and it leaves us thinking of Russia, in some districts, at some time of the year, as a paradise of lovely trees, flowers, ferns, grass, and verdure, with pretty birds and butterflies of species rare to us. Mr. Baddeley, in the second part of his volume, does not give us any wine of "Chianti," or lead us anywhere in the direction of "Bacco in Toscana." His previous acquaintance with Italy, and probably with the multitude of writers and talkers about Italy, has induced him to shun the needless iteration of descriptions of the principal cities, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, and Naples, which some readers find rather a bore. The places upon which he prefers to descend are Ravenna, for the sake chiefly of Byzantine art, especially for the ancient mosaics in the Ravenna churches; Sorrento, and Ischia, the scene of the earthquake; the shores of the Gulf of Salerno, with Amalfi and the Doric ruins of Paestum; Brescia, an old Lombard town of peculiar interest; and Perugia, with Assisi, in the sequestered region of Umbria, enfolded by the Apennine ranges of Central Italy. These Italian towns are less frequented by the ordinary run of tourists, we believe, than such over-advertised cities as Rome and Naples are; while they present more that is characteristic of the pre-Renaissance period of Italian civilisation, the Danesque period, both in their native styles of building and of art, and in the civic fortifications and the romantic monasteries of the Middle Ages. Mr. Baddeley has much understanding of these mediæval associations; he has also much acquaintance with the merits of artistic design in the works of architectural decoration that he examined. The volume is adorned with fifteen beautiful small illustrations, mostly of Moscow, Brescia, and Ravenna. It is, on the whole, attractive and impressive reading.

Shooting and Yachting in the Mediterranean. By A. C. Bagot (W. H. Allen).—This brief and lively narrative of a few months spent in cruising about the Mediterranean, and enjoying a variety of sport ashore on the coasts of Albania, Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia, with passing visits to Naples, the Riviera, Malaga, and Lisbon, is pleasant enough. Mr. Bagot, signing himself "Bagatelle," wrote it for the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. He was accompanied, on board the yacht Eva, by his wife and by two gentlemen, whose guns helped to do execution among the woodcock, snipe, wild duck, teal, plover, wild pig, deer, hares and rabbits, not to mention an eagle brought down from a cliff and a porpoise killed in the sea. The Eva met rough weather now and then, and her sailing experiences are not without interest. We care less for the squabbles with foreign port officials and police. The second part of the small volume contains several chapters of useful practical advice to yachtsmen and sportsmen intending to visit those shores, lists of necessary articles, recipes for medicine and impromptu cookery, notes concerning the different ports, and the addresses of all the British, European, and American Yacht Clubs.

A medallion of the late Duke of Albany has been placed in Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight, by the Queen. It is executed in white marble, and the head, which is in profile, is surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves, acorns, and thistles. The tablet bears the following inscription:—"To the loved memory of Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who died, at Cannes, in his thirty-first year, on March 28, 1884. 'All souls are Thine: we must not say, That those are dead who pass away.' This monument is placed by his sorrowing mother, Queen Victoria, A.D. 1886."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

ERRATA.—In the published solution of Problem No. 2246 White's third move should read 3. R takes P, mate.

P. S. WARREN AND SEVERAL OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.—If, in Problem No. 2245, White play 1. Q to K B 3rd, Black has a good answer in 1. P takes P.

R. W. S. (Manchester).—Many thanks for the trouble you have taken, but we do not believe any of our correspondents would forward a solution not honestly worked out by him or her self.

J. P. (Dorking).—The little book was noticed in this column some weeks ago. We shall write to you in respect of the other matters.

PETERHOUSE.—We regret very much to hear of your indisposition. The "gentle spring" is telling on all of us.

G. P. JUN. (Streatlam).—Very glad you kept "pegging away" at 2249 until success crowned your efforts.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from P. S. Warren, and E. Larvor of Liverpool.

A. S. W. (Moscow).—There is no opening such as you desire for problems. Games played by Mr. Winawer would be very acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2246 received from W. H. D. (Woburn); of 2247 from Thomas Chowen, A. G. Bagot, and Emile Frau; of 2248 from C. E. P. Fairholt, Edwin Smith, Section d'Échecs Société Littéraire (Geneva), Charles T. Atkinson, and Peterhouse.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2249 received from E. J. Gibbs Junior, P. R. Gibbs, A. W. G. Newby, Nerina, Joseph Ainsworth, C. Darragh, J. Hall, Jupiter Junior, W. R. Railem, E. E. H., L. Falcon (Antwerp), James Easton, L. Wyman, Major Pritchard, W. Hillier, R. F. N. Banks, It Tweddell, E. Loudon, B. R. Wood, T. Roberts, N. Harris, R. L. Southwell, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), H. Wardell, G. W. Law, B. M. Allen, R. Worster, S. Buffen, J. A. Schmucke, L. Shattock, Ernest Charnwood, Horatio Wilson, H. Haworth, A. H. Lucas, E. Featherstone, An Amateur of Liège, R. H. Brooks, T. G. Ward, H. Lucas, E. Caselli (Paris), W. Heathcote, H. D. M., W. B. Smith, Otto Fulder, Columbus, H. Reeve, Bernard Reynolds, Emile Frau, Henry Frau (Lyons), L. Beiriant and other Amateurs of Bruges, R. W. Spencer, Shadforth, L. Penfold, Thomas Letford, C. E. P., Section d'Échecs Société Littéraire (Geneva), G. D. Frankland, and George Pratt Junior.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2248.

WHITE.

- 1. Q to Q R 8th
- 2. R to Q 2nd (ch)
- 3. Q to R 5th, mate.

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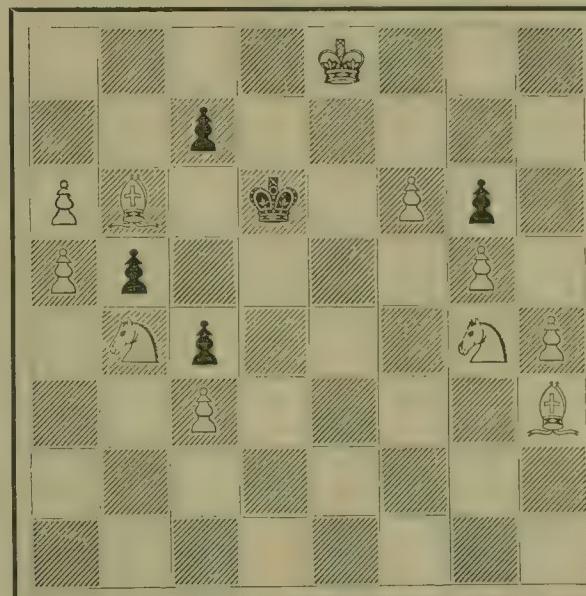
- K takes P
- K to B 4th or 6th

NOTE.—If Black play 2. K to K 6th, White mates by 3. Kt to B 4th; and if 2. K takes Kt, then 3. Q to Q 5th, mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2251.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played at the Divan a few months ago between MESSRS. POLLOCK and BURN.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. P to B 4th	P to K R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. P takes Q P	Black secured
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	three Pawns for the piece, but Black's	game would have remained undeveloped.
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	11. B P takes P	P takes KT
5. P to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	11. P takes KT	P takes P
A freak of Kieseritzky's in the early days of this opening. It should serve as a warning, not an example.		12. Q to R 5th	Q takes P
6. Castles	Q to K 2nd	13. R B takes P	P takes B
7. P to Q 4th	Kt to B 3rd	14. R takes P	B takes P (ch)
8. Kt to Kt 5th	Castles	15. K to R sq	P to Q 4th
9. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)		16. B takes P, and Black resigned.	

Played at the same place, between MESSRS. J. F. LEE and F. N. BRAUND.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. Kt takes Q B P	
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	He loses more time in capturing this Pawn than the prize is worth.	
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	16.	Castles (K R)
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	17. Kt to K 5th	Q R to B sq
6. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)		18. Q to K 4th	B takes KT
7. P to Q B 3rd		19. Kt takes B	R takes KT
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	Resolved to keep the K B bearing on the King's quarters.	
9. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 5th	20. B takes R	Q to B 3rd
10. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to K 5th	21. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
11. P to Q B 4th		22. B to Kt 3rd	P to K 6th
12. R to B sq	Q to Q 3rd	A well-timed stroke. Obviously the Pawn cannot be captured.	
13. P to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	23. B to Q Kt 2nd	P takes P (ch)
14. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd	24. Q takes P	R to K sq (ch)
We should have preferred 11. Kt to Kt 4th. Casting on exchanging pieces according to White's play.		25. K to Q sq	Kt to K 5th
11.		26. Q to Q B 2nd	Q to Q 3rd (ch)
12.		27. K to B sq	B to K 6th (ch)
13.		28. K to Kt sq	Kt to Q 7th (ch), and White resigned.

The fifth game in the match between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Blackburne was played on Tuesday, the 17th instant. The opening was a sort of Vienna declined, and the Queens being exchanged on the fourteenth move, the game then presented all the appearance of a prospective draw. Subsequently, however, Dr. Zukertort gradually gained an advantage, and the English master was obliged to resign on the sixteenth move. The sixth game presented no features of interest. It was evenly contested throughout, and resulted in a draw at a late hour in the evening. The seventh game, played on Saturday last, was the most interesting of the series. Mr. Blackburne, by a clever sacrifice of his Queen, threatened mate by a combination of his two Knights, which forced a similar sacrifice on the part of his adversary, the English master coming out of the rally with a won game. The score at this point stood—Blackburne, 3; Zukertort, 1; drawn games, 3. In this match the drawn games do not count for either side.

As we anticipated some weeks ago, the chief prize of the winter tournament of the City of London Chess Club has been carried off by Mr. Heppel, with the score of $\frac{7}{12}$ out of a possible 9. The second and third prizes are divided between Messrs. Coldwell and Zangwill, who made equal scores; Mr. J. H. Clark takes the fourth prize, and Mr. Coles the fifth. The five remaining prizes fall to Messrs. Harding, Staniforth, Atkinson, Levy, and Cutler. The top scores in the Spring Tournament, now in progress, have been made by Mr. Hooke, $\frac{6}{12}$; Mr. Pollock, $\frac{5}{12}$; Mr. Stevens, $\frac{4}{12}$; Mr. Chappell, $\frac{4}{12}$; and Mr. Knight, $\frac{4}{12}$.

The handicap tourney of the British Chess Club terminated last week, and the following are the principal scores:—Zukertort, 13½; Hoffer, 11; Gunsberg, 10½; Mills, 10½; Lowe, 10; Wainwright, 10. There were sixteen competitors, and the possible score in each case was, therefore, 15.

The Northern Figaro, a bright little paper, published at Aberdeen, with a satirical turn for local matters, has an excellent chess department, conducted by Mr. A. J. McConochie. A problem tourney, open to all comers, is announced in the last number (May 21, 1887).

A match of twenty on each side was played last week between the City and University clubs of Oxford. The play resulted in a victory for the City club, with the score of 21 points to 16.

In the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales the closure was adopted on Saturday last, after a continuous sitting lasting forty-eight hours.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

"La Femme du Matelot," the picture by M. Haquette, exhibited in the Paris Salon, is a very pleasing example of the frequent artistic treatment of a subject which has much human interest, and to which public sympathy has of late years been largely directed by Fisheries Exhibitions, and by discussions regarding the welfare of seafaring men and their families on the coasts of Great Britain and of Europe. Many yearly visitors to the seashore in summer have opportunities of gaining a friendly acquaintance with that honest, brave, and laborious class of people; and our Poet Laureate, in his "Enoch Arden," has presented an English type of them which will not be erased from the minds of their fellow-countrymen. Those of Normandy and Brittany are not less worthy of kindly regard; and in such a pretty scene as this, where the faithful woman, coming to the pier, with her little son, to watch for her husband's returning boat, makes signals of welcome at his approach, and perhaps already hears a joyful voice of cheer across the placid water, we have a perfect small idyll, with that touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Book of the Music for the Royal Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey" (Metzler and Co.).—We have here, in a handy and inexpensive form, the service music appointed to be sung by her Majesty's command, in Westminster Abbey, on June 21. It includes the responses, arranged by Dr. J. F. Bridge (organist of the Abbey); the "Te Deum" composed by the late Prince Consort (from the collected compositions of his Royal Highness, edited by Mr. W. G. Cusins); the special Psalm, "Exaudiat Te, Dominus," arranged by Dr. Bridge; and this gentleman's anthem, composed for the occasion, "Blessed be the Lord thy God which delighted in thee." The pieces are interesting in themselves apart from their intended purpose, and their collected publication will be widely welcome—both to those who will and to those who will not be present at the ceremony.

"Harbour." Song. By S. A. Sabel (R. Cocks and Co.).—This is an effective vocal piece, in which the nautical style is indicated rather than overwrought, as is often the case in songs containing any allusion to the sea. The melody is well marked, and changes of tempo, key, and form of accompaniment give a good effect of variety.

"Propriety," by C. F. Hayward (from the same publishers), is a pleasing song, in which a light, piquant style is realised, without being frivolous.

"Studies for the Attainment of Mechanical Facility on the Pianoforte." By A. Whittingham (R. Cocks and Co.).—We have here, within a small compass, a series of exercises for right and left hand alternately, comprising passages of various degrees of difficulty, the practice of which must tend to render the fingers of both hands flexible and independent. The use of the hands in alternation is an excellent feature of these studies, thus avoiding the excessive fatigue (often injurious) resulting from too continuous use of both hands associated in the practice of mechanical difficulties.

"Daily Technical Studies for the Pianoforte." By Oscar Beringer (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—This is a work of a more elaborate kind than that last referred to. It comprises finger exercises of almost every description calculated to ensure executive readiness. The author—who is well known as one of the most accomplished and skilful pianists of the day—states, in his preface, that these studies are "intended to serve as an exhaustive prefatory course to the late Carl Tausig's 'Daily Studies,' and to bridge over certain gaps occurring in that work." A diligent study of Mr. Beringer's and of Tausig's studies can scarcely fail to result in the attainment of executive powers equal to any of the extreme demands made by modern pianoforte music on the skill of the player.

"Ave Maria." Scena canzone from "Otello" (Ricordi).—This is an extract from Verdi's great Shakespearean opera, produced with such extraordinary success at Milan last February. The "Ave Maria," sung by Desdemona, was one of the pieces that produced special effect in the performance. Although its full significance can scarcely be estimated without the intended orchestral accessories and the interest of the stage situation, the publication now referred to (with pianoforte accompaniment) will enable many to form a notion thereof.

"Songs, arranged for Voice and Guitar." By M. S. Panormo (Reid Brothers).—We have here a collection of vocal pieces—of different periods and nationalities—adapted with accompaniments for a guitar, in which shape they will be welcome to those vocalists who can use that instrument, the portability of which gives it an advantage over the more cumbersome pianoforte. The name of the arranger is one that has been rendered



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ROCKS OF THE BATTERT.



GENERAL VIEW OF BADEN-BADEN.



VALLEY OF THE BATTERT.



"FRIEDRICHSHALD," THE GRAND DUCAL BATHING ESTABLISHMENT.



ALLEE OF LICHTENTHAL.



THE TRINK-HALLE.

BÄDEN-BÄDEN.

There is an Eastern legend that some angels had, at the command of an angry deity, to carry away the Garden of Eden to heaven. In doing so, they let some portions of it fall back upon the earth. Such an origin might be attributed to certain spots favoured with natural beauty like Baden-Baden. That most beautiful of German watering-places has been called the "Garden of Germany." The town, at the north-western extremity of the Black Forest, surrounded by luxuriant pine-woods, in the lovely valley of the Oos, is sheltered on the north, east, and south by a high range of hills. It is built in the form of terraces on the slopes of the Schlossberg, surrounded by a garland of superb villas, in the midst of luxuriant vegetation. Favoured by the most advantageous climatic conditions, the whole of the environs of Baden are formed into one immense and lovely garden.

The town, containing about 14,000 inhabitants, lies at an elevation of nearly 700 ft. above the level of the sea. The mean annual temperature is 50 deg. Fahrenheit; in summer it rarely exceeds 86 F., and is moderated by cool currents of air, as well as by numerous springs and brooks. Combined with the remarkably healthy climate is the healing effect of the mineral springs; while the mind is refreshed by the sight and enjoyment of beautiful vegetation, which bears witness to the mildness of the climate and the fertility of the soil. The neighbourhood is particularly rich in forests, kept in a high state of cultivation by active and competent foresters. New walks through these forests, with ornamental buildings for shelter, and pavilions, are frequently added for the benefit of visitors at home and from abroad.

The Baden-Baden alkaline hot mineral springs, of 44 deg. to 69 deg. temperature, yield daily nearly a million litres of mineral water, which tastes slightly salt, excites the appetite, stimulates digestion, and increases nutrition in general. It contains great quantities of lithium, and is very efficacious against catarrhal affections of the throat, the larynx, and the bronchial ramifications—against dyspepsia and chronic catarrhal affections of the stomach and the intestinal canal. The lithium springs are especially beneficial in old affections of gout and rheumatism, and all disorders complicating these diseases.

The grand-ducal bathing establishment called the Friedrichshaus comprises, in the most perfect and exemplary form, tub baths, Russian vapour baths, electric baths, and baths with a constant stream of thermal water; swimming baths, a department for cold-water treatment, another for the inhalation of vapoured mineral water, douches for the throat, with pneumatic apparatus, and douches of all forms and every temperature: besides which opportunity is afforded for taking all kinds of mineral and medical baths, according to prescription, and there is also an establishment for physical treatments and massage. Besides the Friedrichshaus there are about two hundred tub baths of mineral water, with douche apparatus, to be found at ten of the hotels of the town.

In the Trinkhalle, the grand-ducal pump-room, are to be had the mineral waters of the town, besides all the waters of the most renowned foreign mineral springs, and also fresh cows' and goats' milk and whey. Spring cures are made with the juice of freshly gathered herbs from the surrounding woods and meadows; and autumn cures with the excellent grapes from the neighbouring vineyards.

The Conversation-house, with its spacious and magnificent suite of rooms, its elegant concert-room, billiard-rooms, card-rooms, dining and reading rooms, the latter provided with

German and foreign newspapers of every class, is open throughout the whole year. An orchestra engaged by the town, consisting of fifty musicians, amongst whom are eminent artists, gives three concerts daily. These concerts take place in the summer in the Kiosk in front of the Conversation-house, and in the large assembly-rooms in the winter. The evening concerts consist mostly of solo performances, with grand instrumental and vocal concerts, in connection with the most distinguished foreign artists; also festival concerts, with symphonies, and quartette soirées.

The Grand-Ducal Theatre, though not very large, is one of the most beautiful in Europe, where representations of operas and operettas, dramas, and comedies are given in summer and winter. Grand fêtes, with illuminations, fireworks, and performances of monster military concerts, take place in the fine nights of summer. There are large croquet and lawn-tennis grounds.

Another special attraction of Baden-Baden is the great races at Iffersheim, with flat-races, steeplechases, and military steeplechases. Sportsmen particularly enjoy the good shooting and excellent fishing in the neighbourhood. The walks and excursions are very numerous; visitors may prolong their stay for many weeks and be able to find every day a new rambling-point.

The town possesses, besides extended National schools for boys and girls, some scholastic institutions of a high order; a gymnasium with departments for classics, scientific and professional branches of learning, and also a high school for young ladies. There are Roman Catholic, Old Catholic, German Protestant, and English churches; Russian, and Russian-Greek chapels; and a room for Israelite prayer-meetings.

This beautiful international bathing-place, Baden-Baden, where art and Nature combine in harmony to form a delightful place of sojourn, with almost ideal landscape scenery, receives every year above sixty thousand visitors.

This place is gaining every year in extent and attractions. Several new streets have lately been opened, and more building grounds have been laid out; new, stately, and sumptuous villas have been erected; foreign visitors of every rank will not only find at their disposal a large number of first-rate and most comfortable hotels, but also furnished and unfurnished apartments and villas at very moderate rents, adapted for a longer residence at Baden-Baden, or in the immediate vicinity.

The Czar has signed a decree according to which the teaching in all the German schools and colleges in the Baltic Provinces is to be carried on in the Russian language from Aug. 1 next.

Princess Mary Adelaide formally opened on Saturday, at Richmond, in the name of the Queen, the Lady of the Manor, the upper portion of the grounds attached to Buccleuch House, recently acquired by the Richmond Vestry as a place of recreation for the inhabitants of the town.

The steam-ship Harkaway, of London, has foundered with thirteen persons. She was loaded with a cargo of wheat, and sailed from Liverpool on May 16. On Friday it was blowing a gale, causing a heavy cross sea. The vessel, having shipped large quantities of water, suddenly foundered. The life-boat saved the master, chief officer, and one seaman, others dying of exposure for some hours in the boat half full of water. The three survivors were picked up by the yacht Thistle. The captain's wife and the crew of twelve hands were lost.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

By a proclamation of the Queen, published in the *Gazette*, Tuesday, June 21, is appointed as "a special day, to be observed as a Bank Holiday throughout the United Kingdom." A great ball is to be given in the Guildhall in June—probably during the Jubilee week—to which some 2000 or 3000 guests will be bidden. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal visitors from abroad, will be present, and the City will spend £6000 on the entertainment.

The Lord Chancellor will preside at the first of two banquets to be given by the members of the Incorporated Law Society in celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee, which are to take place in the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice on Saturday, June 4, and Monday, June 6. A grand ball will be given at the Law Institution in Chancery-lane on Tuesday, June 7.

It is understood that at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute by the Queen on July 4, a full State ceremonial will be observed. The perseverance of the Prince of Wales has prevailed, and the Imperial Institute has satisfactorily turned the corner. Up to last week the United Kingdom had contributed about £185,000, and Canada £20,000, while Australia promises nearly £100,000. Fresh lists are pouring in daily, and £400,000 is the expected total.

The Queen has been pleased to confer the honour of a baronetcy upon Sir Reginald Hanson, Lord Mayor of London, and upon Sir Robert Carden, Senior Alderman of the Corporation of the City of London; also the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Alderman Henry Isaacs, and Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Kirby, Sheriffs for the present year.

Intelligence has reached the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London that gold has been discovered on a farm in the Transvaal, known to the Methodists as Good Hope Farm, and which is now the head-quarters of a flourishing missionary settlement. Several tempting offers have been made by speculators for the property. The Missionary Committee have requested the Rev. Owen Watkins, who has been on a visit to this country, and who originally purchased the property to return to South Africa.

The Whitsuntide holidays may be pleasantly enjoyed on our south coast, or on the opposite shores of the Channel. The London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway Company have made liberal arrangements for excursionists. The ordinary return tickets will be available over the Whitsuntide holidays; and this will include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. A fourteen-day excursion ticket to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, starts to-day (Saturday) from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets are also issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, and on Whit Sunday and Monday day excursions will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments on Whit Monday, extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company's West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—remain open until ten o'clock this (Saturday) evening for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

TO STOUT PEOPLE—OBESITY AND ITS CURE.

The following recent extract from the "Bradford Daily Telegraph" will be of interest to those suffering from obesity:—

"Want of space will not permit us to enter fully into this interesting subject as we should have liked, nor can we follow Mr. Russell through the exhaustive particulars of his remedy, but we give the salient points. He criticises the various so-called remedies, and calls attention to the fact that other cures, including Mr. Banting's and the others alluded to above, do not profess to do more than temporarily reduce fat, whereas he aims to effect an absolute cure, which is most important consideration; secondly, his mixture to be taken is simply a vegetable compound, containing no deleterious poison, and otherwise perfectly harmless. The medicine he describes as an agreeable, refreshing, and cooling anti-febrile invigorating tonic, which stimulates the digestive organs, and contracts the muscular fibre of the stomach, and imparts vigour to the system, altering and improving the condition of the blood. It has no deleterious effect on the most delicate subject, promoting an invigorating and healthy action of the organs, and developing muscular power. It is most agreeable and refreshing to drink, which is another great advantage; and it appears that many ladies now adopt this drink at the table as a sort of corpulent prophylactic; and as a cure for gout and rheumatics it is certainly spoken highly of. The average reduction of weight appears to be about 3 or 4 lb. a week, but as much as 8 lb. has been lost in this time. He advises persons to commence his treatment, and rid themselves of the disease, and not to discontinue it after the first temporary reduction of fat. He gives also a scale, by which one can see how much they are in excess of their normal weight, which appears to be very useful. We think that every person who suffers from obesity should communicate with him." The following is the table of weight alluded to above:—

A person 5 ft. 0 in. in height should weigh 8 st. 0 lb.	A person 5 ft. 7 in. in height should weigh 10 st. 8 lb.
" 5 ft. 1 in. " 8 st. 8 lb.	" 5 ft. 8 in. " 11 st. 1 lb.
" 5 ft. 2 in. " 9 st. 0 lb.	" 5 ft. 9 in. " 11 st. 8 lb.
" 5 ft. 3 in. " 9 st. 7 lb.	" 5 ft. 10 in. " 12 st. 1 lb.
" 5 ft. 4 in. " 9 st. 10 lb.	" 5 ft. 11 in. " 12 st. 6 lb.
" 5 ft. 5 in. " 10 st. 2 lb.	" 6 ft. 0 in. " 12 st. 10 lb.
" 5 ft. 6 in. " 10 st. 5 lb.	

The following are a few press notices selected from the London journals:—

"Mr. Russell attacks the disease as it were at the fountain head. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system, in short, Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt."—Sunday Times.

The book (116 pages), containing all particulars concerning the system referred to above, including the RECIPE, and much valuable information, sent post-free (under sealed cover when desired), on receipt of eight stamps.

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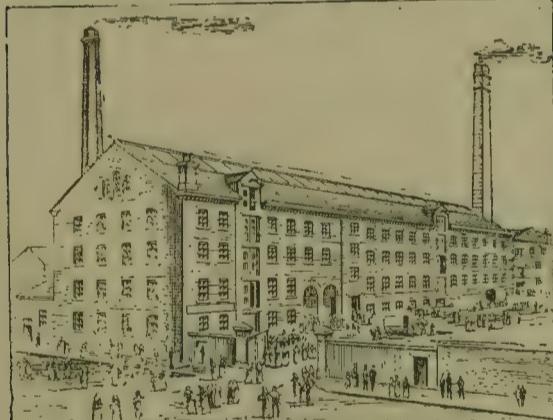
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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—"HUDSON, DUBLIN."

London Address—OLD TRINITY HOUSE, E.C.

The "Irish Times," Aug. 8, 1886—alluding to the visit of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition Deputation to the Custom-House Whiskey Vaults, Dublin—says—"that many were the ejaculations of surprise on seeing the vast amount of Whiskey stored therein. Mr. Hudson, of Hudson and Co., guided the distinguished party through the subterranean passages; the celebrated Blend of O'Connell Monument Whiskey was then sampled, their conductor explaining that good Whiskies by different makers, when blended, were superior to the Whiskey produced by an individual distiller. The Lord Mayor concurred with the general opinion that the blended Whiskey tasted well."

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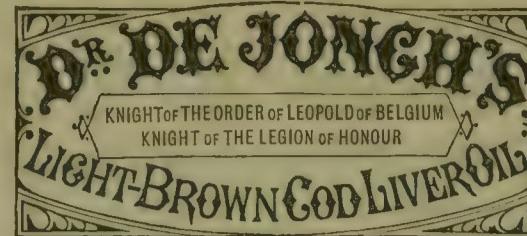
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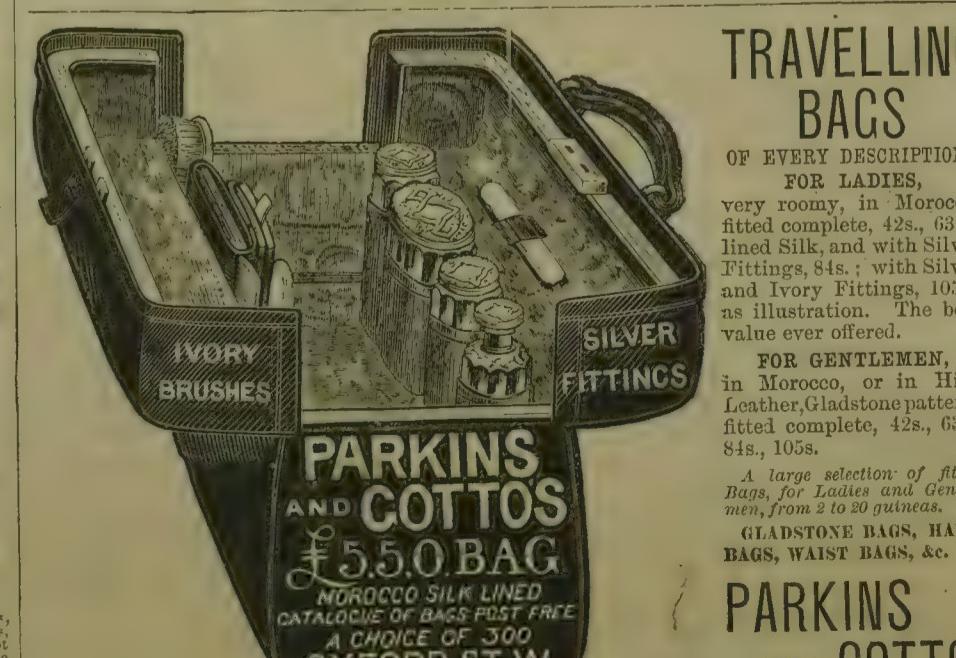
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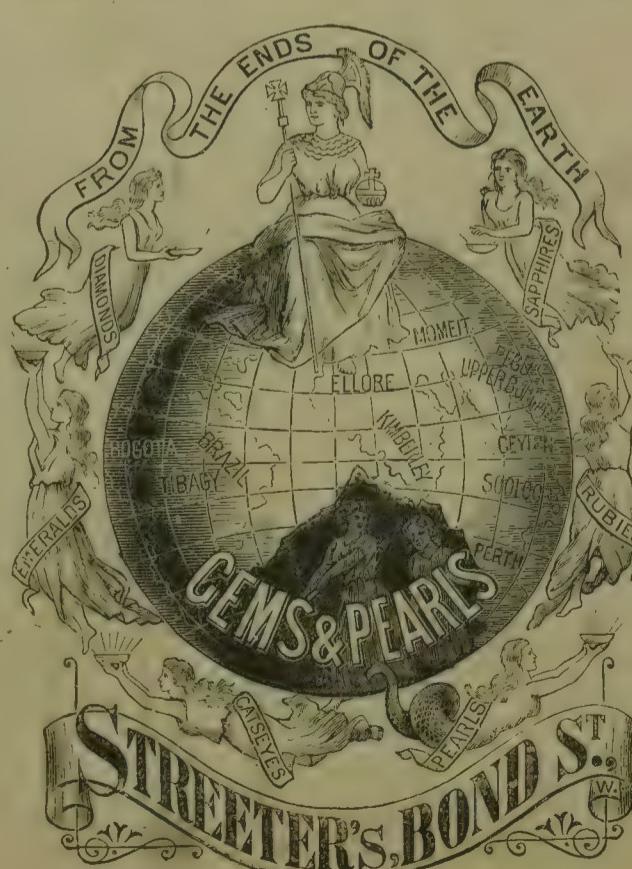
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Celebrated Teams in the Park.

Of all the May meetings in London there is none more popular, more brilliant, as a spectacle, or more thoroughly characteristic of Englishmen than those gatherings at the "Magazine," when members of the Four-in-Hand, or Coaching Club, pass in parade with pardonable pride before admiring crowds. That mere vanity is not the motive by which these coachmen are actuated goes without saying. So far as a desire to display personal dexterity is concerned, they would as soon meet in the seclusion of some unpeopled moorland as expose themselves to the too curious gaze of unknown thousands in Hyde Park. They chose the "Magazine" by the Serpentine because it was a convenient trysting-place, and secluded withal, or at least so far from the madding crowd of Rotten Row that they might reasonably hope to gather unmolested and depart in peace. If society has changed all this, and decreed that the occasion shall be turned into a fashionable function, surely the coachmen are not to be held responsible. All they can do is to resign themselves with good grace to the inevitable; and assume a modest unconsciousness of the notoriety that has been thrust upon them. The heroic fortitude with which they endure year after year the ordeal of having to pass as if in formal review before the eyes of their friends and of the crowds that follow where fashion leads, is another peculiarly British quality; but it may be doubted whether all their nerve would enable them to bear the severe strain if they were not supported by the presence of gentle companions, whose self-sacrificing devotion is beyond all praise. In earlier days the coachmen drove to the rendezvous with only a few male friends to keep them in countenance; but no sooner were they exposed to the criticism of crowds than fair woman, with noble magnanimity, came to the rescue, resolved to take her share of the trial, no matter at what cost. For this change the spectator may be duly grateful. It has helped materially to elevate coaching from a merely selfish pastime into a social duty, and given to these gatherings in the park their greatest charm. Whether gaily adorned by the blue coat and brass

buttons of the C.C., or wearing the more sober brown of the Four-in-Hand Club, he would be a bold man indeed who in these days would venture to appear at the "Magazine" without a lady on his coach.

Mainly, perhaps, because of the favour they find in feminine eyes, our English whips have provoked the envy, and roused a spirit of emulation in the breasts of gallant foreigners, who have not, however, yet attempted to challenge our own supremacy. In the Bois de Boulogne one may see many gay young Parisians whose chief aim in life is to look and drive like Englishmen; but somehow their praiseworthy efforts are never quite successful. In the broad streets of Berlin stolid Germans delight to disport themselves on the box-seats of drags, always correctly got up after the most approved English models. Under the lofty trees that shade the long avenues of the Prater in Vienna the slumberous air of summer is sometimes shaken by the shrill blast of a horn, as clouds of dust are raised by the wheels of a coach whirling by, drawn by a team of handsome Hungarian thoroughbreds and driven by one who sits like a thorough workman. But all these seem out of the picture, and something apart from their surroundings. Only in Hyde Park do coachmen and their priceless teams look quite in keeping with the scene. It would be insular prejudice of the narrowest to assume for a moment that the Coaching Club and Four-in-Hand monopolise all that is best of coachmanship, or that our most accomplished whips are without worthy rivals in other countries; but it may be said without brag or national vanity that such superb teams, so many skilful coachmen, such a dazzling array of beautiful women could not by any possibility be seen together in any other capital of Europe. And a London park in springtime forms by no means a dingy setting for a picture of this kind. The wide stretches of turf are still fresh with the moisture of April showers; the foliage, just unfolding its pale, pendant volutes, casts no sombre shadows, but lets the sunshine shimmer through in lustre only half subdued; the humid air is laden with the odours of bursting buds and fragrant blossoms, and fair women, sublimely indifferent to the warnings of weather prophets and the teachings of sad

experience, venture to appear in brilliant raiment of the daintiest texture.

A Hyde Park crowd of spectators on these occasions represents nearly every phase and class of London society. The coster and the badger are both here, though their presence is not made obtrusively manifest to their fastidious neighbours. For once they are content to look on from shady and secluded nooks, where they may wonder at the signs of worldly wealth about them, and moralise in peace on the strange freaks of Fortune, if they happen to have a philosophical turn that way. Poverty comes to see the show, but only from a distance; gathering the tattered skirts about her, she retires from this richly-robed throng, and is careful that no touch of hers shall taint the sweeping trains of her more lucky or seemingly less miserable sisters. From end to end of the broad avenue between the "Magazine" and the misplaced "Monument of Achilles," there is a kaleidoscopic movement of ever-changing form and colour. Celebrities and others, in masculine and feminine, come forth to be seen, to see, and to criticise the coachmen freely, with an air of superior knowledge, and in tones neither sweet nor low. Such throngs of brave men, by their own showing, and of women voted fair by universal acclaim, are to be seen nowhere else in the wide world. They array themselves in the most bewitching toilets though April clouds and sullen skies have not yet yielded place to summer sunshine, and they never look more charming than here, with the soft grey haze or drooping branches for a setting, and the subdued light from semi-transparent foliage lending, by contrast, an added brightness to their glances. The many tints of delicate spring raiment harmonise pleasantly with the hues of trees, grass, and flowers, and our misty London atmosphere takes all the harshness out of the more violently contrasting colours. The roadway on each side is densely crowded with carriages and horses, leaving only a narrow passage for the coaches to file through.

Such a grizzled, weather-beaten veteran as Captain Fred. Matthews, driver of the Deadwood Coach in "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show," might laugh at the idea of any man priding himself on skill in threading the mazes of vehicles through Hyde Park or Piccadilly; but there are among these amateur whips some whose nerves would have been quite equal to the exigencies of a midnight journey across the swamps and "bad

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CELEBRATED TEAMS IN THE PARK.
From a Drawing by John Sturges.

1. LIFE GUARDS.

2. LORD LONSDALE.

3. DUKE OF PORTLAND.

4. LORD LONDESBOROUGH.

5. SIR THOMAS PEYTON.

6. LORD SHREWSBURY.

7. LORD MACCLESFIELD.

8. LORD AVELAND.

9. DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

10. MR. OAKLEY.

lands" of Nebraska or Kentucky, even with the chance of an attack by Indians thrown in. What a curiously instructive contrast, by-the-way, would be furnished by the appearance in Hyde Park on "Magazine Day" of the battered relic of bygone times just referred to. The Hon. William Cody, himself a redoubtable knight of the ribbons, and Captain Fred. Matthews might be made honorary members of the C.C. or Four-in-Hand Club for the season, and their stalwart companions would find at these gatherings ample opportunities for studying the progress of civilisation as exemplified in the habits and manners of modern English society. Affluent youth in New York has developed a taste for coaching also; but our American cousins cannot yet boast of anything to compare with this gathering of coachmen in Hyde Park.

As they form up in regular parade order on that broad bit of roadway, backed by a deep belt of stately trees, and fronted by the Serpentine, these drags, with their freight of men whose names are known to sportsmen all the world over, and fair dames, they make a brave show indeed; but only when they begin to move do the "Celebrated Teams" look at their best. Here comes "The Duke," by whose side sits the Prince of Wales, made happy by the smiles of loyal welcome that greet him everywhere. The Badminton coach, with its brown body and yellow wheels, is good to know in any company, even without the familiar personality of its owner. Age has not dulled his enthusiasm for this pastime, or deadened the sympathetic touch of his hands, to which the most restive of leaders will yield ready obedience. He sits the box like a workman all over; and his well-matched team of browns and bays, full of blood, bone, and muscle, are hard to beat anywhere. The Somersets have been mighty coachmen for generations, as they have been Nimrods of note. A century ago, when Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, gave up stag-hunting in favour of fox, and hunted all the country from Cotswold Hills to the Severn Sea, there were no means of getting from Heythrop House to Badminton except by coaching; and in those days it was no child's play to drive a raw team through some of the by-roads. Coachmanship with the Somersets is, therefore, an hereditary art, and few have been more proficient masters than the present Duke.

Following him, comes Lord Aveland, who delights in having before him such shapely browns and blacks as Mr. Sturgess has cleverly limned here. Lord Macclesfield, another coachman of the good old school, cares less for harmony of colour than for similarity of stamp in his team. Every horse he drives is full of quality and selected with the judgment of one

who has an eye as true for the points of a horse as for those of a hound. All fox-hunters who have seen the South Oxfordshire pack in the kennel or the field will know what that means. Sir Thomas Peyton's greys are perennial, and, indeed, this colour has become quite a family tradition. When was there ever a Peyton who did not drive greys, and drive them well too? Equally well known are the browns of Lord Londesborough, and they are rarely looked for in vain wherever coachmen of the blue Club or the brown assemble. If there be any among the crowd of spectators who do not know his Lordship, let them look for the coach on which sits some celebrity of the drama, and they will not fail to identify Lord Londesborough, who may chance to have beside him Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Sidney Bancroft, or some other popular player. The Duke of Portland can always find in the labyrinth of stalls at Welbeck a whole team of blacks that look as if they had been cast in the same mould, and he drives them with the nerve that has carried him well to the front in many a good run over Leicestershire pastures. Another "hard man" and bold rider to hounds is here in the person of Lord Lonsdale, who, if he affects a somewhat horsey style of costume, more than justifies his appearance by skill in the selection of good horses, as this team of shapely bays will amply testify. The 1st Life Guards are seldom at a loss for a good whip to drive the regimental coach; and if they were, there would be Lord Arthur or some other accomplished coachman of the Blues ready to lend them a friendly hand. The Earl of Shrewsbury, who knows of every good horse that happens to find its way into a Yorkshire stable, is sure to be driving a team full of dash and quality. The chances are that every horse in his coach is a prize-winner of wide reputation. Mr. Oakeley's browns and bays are of another stamp, chosen less for show than work, though their shapeliness is undeniable. They might be hunters all, and look as fit to carry a good man in a fast run with the Atherstone Hounds as to take their place in harness.

The Marquis of Waterford, keen judge alike of horses and hounds, shares Sir Thomas Peyton's fondness for greys, and he likes them all of a stamp better fitted for a fast stage on the road than for a slow parade in Hyde Park. To see them at their best one must get away from the crowded thoroughfares to where they can step boldly out, the wheelers well in hand, and the leaders, with tightened traces, kept close up to their collars, but pulling never an ounce too much on the coachman's hand. Foremost of this group is Lord Londonderry with a team of well-bred symmetrical bays;

and possibly Count Münster may forsake the cares of diplomatic life in Paris for one glimpse of the haunts in which he is always welcome. The absence of his coach, with its team of stately chesnuts, would make the gathering seem incomplete. No form was more familiar at the first club meeting than that of the stalwart German Ambassador, who, with hat tilted jauntily, played the character of an English sportsman to the life.

Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, General Dickson, and Lord Hothfield, better known by his former title as Sir Henry Tufton, are rarely absent when the coaches meet, and the young Baronet's drag is always conspicuously adorned by grace and beauty. The Marquis of Cholmondeley, Captain Atherley, and possibly many men as yet unknown to coaching fame, may be there. One cheery face—last, but certainly not least—ought to be recognised by every Englishman, however he may hide his familiar light-heartedness under the weight of official cares. Lord Charles Beresford, like his brother the Marquis, has a fancy for greys; and he can steer them through a crowded thoroughfare as skilfully and boldly as he took the little Condor into action under the guns of Fort Marabout, or ran the gauntlet of rebel fire up the Nile rapids to the rescue of Wilson and his stranded comrades. One may well wonder whether there is any kind of quadruped under the sun that he could not ride or drive. He is equally at home on a well-bred hunter, a donkey, or a camel, as one who has shared the glorious excitement of a good fox-hunting run and ridden the "ship of the desert" beside him can affirm. The tricks and vices of bronco, mustang, or mule, would be no more mysterious to him than to "Buck" Taylor. He would probably drive a buffalo team off-hand with perfectly cool confidence, and lasso wild steers as if to the manner born; and there used to be a superstition up the Nile that if he were shipwrecked in the Rapids he would find his way safely to shore on the back of a crocodile or a hippopotamus. When the twenty or thirty club coaches proper have gone by, and their occupants have run the gauntlet of critical comment from a host of friends and others, there are sure to follow two or three drags unattached, driven by unknown men, who try to look as if they had accidentally forgotten to put on their club uniforms. These are the migratory mysteries who are seen every year at the "Magazine," or near it, and nowhere else. Nobody is curious about their identity, and nobody seems to care. Imitation is the sincerest, though not always the most acceptable, form of flattery, and even celebrated coachmen have their imitators; but celebrated teams cannot be counterfeited. H. H. S. P.



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CELEBRATED TEAMS IN THE PARK.

From a Drawing by John Sturges.

LEIGHTON BROS., DRURY LANE.

1. MARQUIS OF WATERFORD

2. CAPTAIN AHERLEY.

3. LORD LONDONDERRY.

4. COUNT MUNSTER